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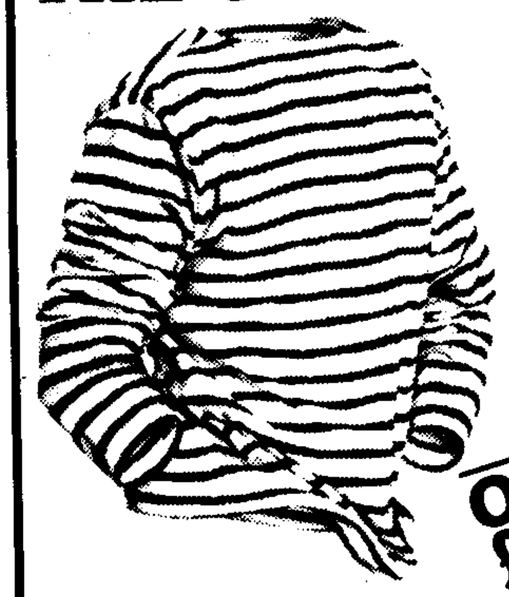

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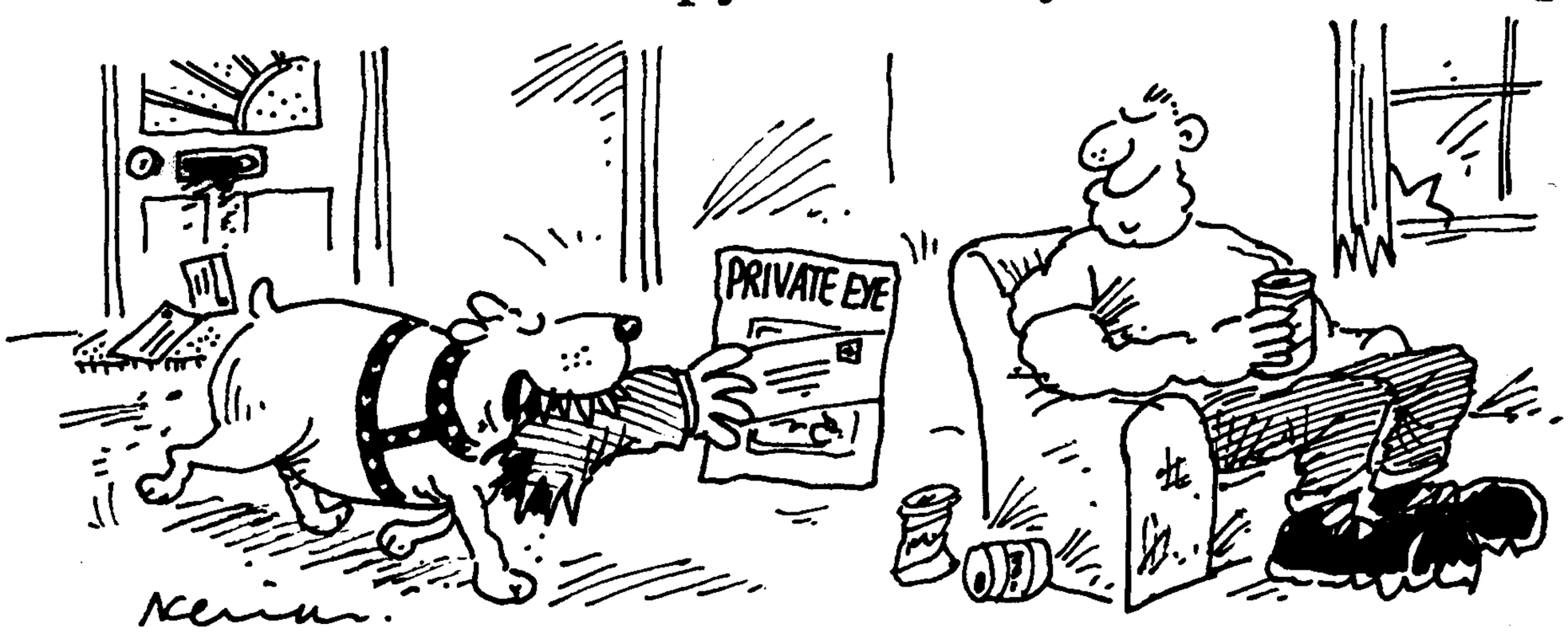

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THE tabloid press has continued its descent into the "politics of envy" with a new and totally unjustified attack on me in my capacity as chairman of British Gnome.

Not content with denouncing my modest pay increase (which, by the way, I have secretly given to charity), they have now attacked me for helping myself to "company perks".

This is dishonesty of the highest order. What the jealous muck-rakers refer to as "perks" are in fact perfectly legitimate research projects in which it is entirely necessary for me to engage.

Subsidiaries of British Gnome (BG) are involved in the manufacture of plastic. Plastic is a material used in each one of the items delivered free to my home by the company which the bitter journalists listed as a "perk" but which I rightly claim as "competitive testing in a consumer environment", viz:

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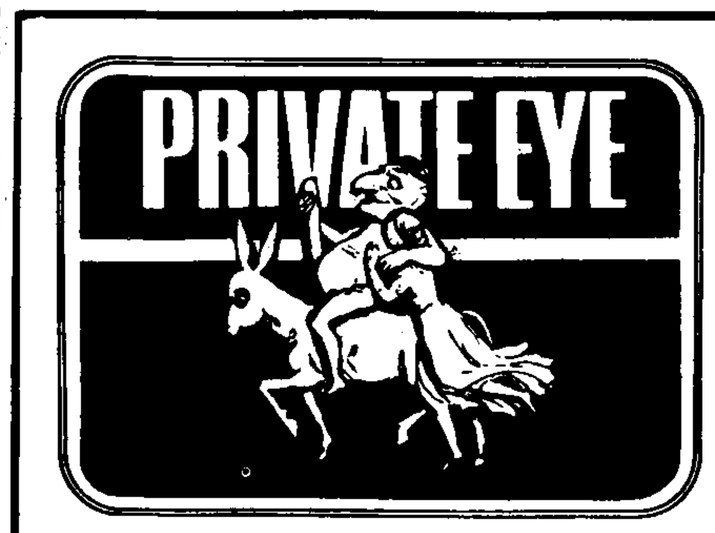


COLOUR SECTION

IN THE COURTS

LORD JUSTICE McCowan and his two colleagues who wrote the 110-page judgment in the case of the Maguire family have added their names to the illustrious list of judges who have acquiesced in the conspiracy to pervert the course of justice which started with the conviction of the Guildford Four.

To gasps of amazement from the public gallery, McCowan explained that the Maguire family and their friends who were wrongly convicted of handling explosives may have been the victims of "innocent contamination" by using a towel which someone else had touched after handling explosives.

No such towel had ever been produced at any stage in the case. Nor was anyone ever interviewed who had come into contact with the aforesaid towel and who might have been handling explosives. Thus the judges explain the fact that Mr Maguire, Guiseppe Conlon, Sean Smyth, Vincent Maguire and Patrick O'Neill were all found by tests carried out at the Royal Armament Research and Development Establishment to have been in contact with nitroglycerine, when none of them had ever touched nitroglycerine in their lives.

The McCowan judgment is so fantastic, so totally at variance with anything which has been proved in evidence, that there are some who say the three judges must be imbeciles. Such people are wrong. The reason for the judgment is not the foolishness of the judges but their anxiety to avoid a more plausible explanation for the Maguire case: that the Royal Armament Research and Development Establishment (RARDE) tests were deliberately rigged.

The police who investigated the Guildford pub bombings in 1974 were absolutely certain that the Maguires were making bombs. They had Mrs Maguire's name from their first suspect for the Guildford bombings, Paul Hill. Under intense and violent interrogation, Hill, who knew nothing of the bombings, eventually confessed to them. When the police asked him who had taught him to make bombs, he gave them the names of the most unlikely bombers he knew.

Patrick Maguire was chairman of his local Conservative association, a disciplinarian and strong opponent of the IRA. His wife Annie was even more anti-IRA. So Hill named them as organisers of an IRA bomb factory, hoping that the absurdity of his suggestion would finally convince the police that he had nothing to do with the crime. With Hill's denunciation of the Maguires in their pocket, the police then "interviewed" (beaten up) another suspect, Gerard Conlon. They told him they had perfect proof that the Maguires were making bombs and Conlon, who at that stage in the torture was prepared to say anything the police wanted, agreed that his "Aunt Annie" was indeed one of London's top bombers.

By dint of this brilliant detective work, the police knew the Maguires were operating a bomb factory and raided their home. There were no explosives there of course — there never had been — but the police arrested everyone in the house, including Gerry Conlon's father, Guiseppe, who had come to London to get a solicitor for his son, and sent them for "tests".

One interesting piece of information which the appeal judges didn't have to deal with came from a 1977 Home Office report which found that the ether in the hand swab kits issued to the police by the Royal Armament Research and Development Establishment may have been contaminated with nitroglycerine. This information, together with the suggestion that either RARDE or the police (or both) made absolutely certain of the result of the tests by "spiking" the test materials with nitroglycerine before the tests were carried out, will be investigated at greater length by the inquiry under Lord Justice May. The McCowan judgment is an attempt to take the sting out of that part of the May inquiry.

Anyone who still has any faith in the judiciary should read carefully the section of McCowan's judgment which deals with Lord Justice Donaldson, Master of the Rolls (and titular head of the Court of Appeal). McCowan and his colleagues seemed numbed with shock at May's mild suggestion that Donaldson, who presided over the Guildford Four trial and the Maguire trial, could have been in some respects mistaken or even biased.

Page after page of McCowan's obsequious judgment seeks to remove from Donaldson the slightest whisper of criticism. Thus the British judiciary is not in the least bit shocked that a law abiding family could have been locked up for the best part of 10 years for a crime they could not possibly have committed. This can all be explained away by inventing a towel. What truly shocks the judges is the notion that the Master of the Rolls could have been in any way responsible.

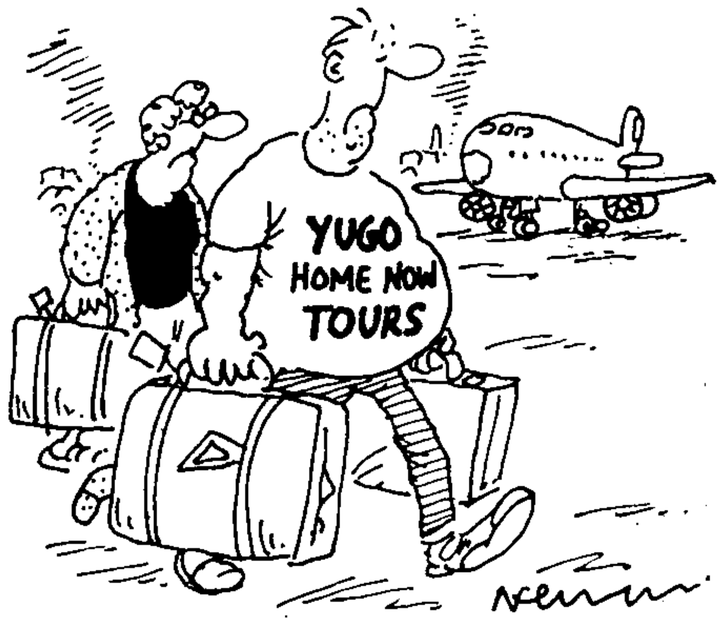
OCTOBER SURPRISE

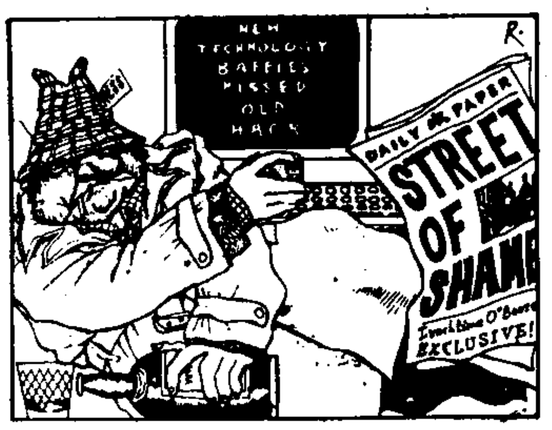
FORMER US President Ronald Reagan has asked to see the files relating to the "October Surprise" allegations (see *Eyes passim*) to refresh his somewhat flawed memory of the period.

Meanwhile Senator Al Gore, a possible Democratic presidential contender, has called for a proper investigation into the allegations that the Reagan campaign in 1980 conspired with the Iranian government to prevent the release of American embassy hostages.

To help both Reagan and Gore, the *Eye* can list some of those allegedly present at meetings between American and Iranian officials in Madrid, Paris, Marbella and Zurich.

They are: Bob Gates; Wiliam Casey; Casper Schmidt; Louis Steen; Ralph Wibestock (ex Nugen Hand Bank); Albert Heribut (Bank Hoffman-Genenva); Reginald Willis; John Nel; Shimon Ben David; Mohammed Eliasi (PLO); Elize Klempson (female); Jamshid Kal (aka Cyrus Hashemi, decd.); Sultan Al Jemis; Mohamed Khalef; Davin Bonen; Masal Al Abdullah; Jabour Aloussri; and Said Al Durish.





ON 16 JUNE the *Observer* published an article by Julie Flint describing the wretched state to which Hastings Banda's long dictatorship has reduced Malawi. She also ridiculed the regime's absurdly oppressive censorship, which includes banning Simon and Garfunkel's song "Cecilia" ("Cecilia,/I'm down on my knees/I'm begging you please to come home") on the grounds that Banda's mistress is called Cecilia Kadzamira.

This did not please the *Observer's* owner, Tiny Rowland. He has spent many years sucking up to Hastings Banda so that Lonrho can run lucrative "joint ventures" with the Malawi government. Lonrho's business interests in the country now include motor distributors, tea estates, breweries, sugar estates and textile mills. Tiny did not wish to see this cosy arrangement jeopardised by honest reporting.

Observer hacks watched with interest to see if Donald "Pixie" Trelford would stand firm against this proprietorial interference. The answer was a resounding no: the following Sunday, he published not only a letter from the Malawi high commissioner (headed "Malawi owes its success to the Life President"), but also a long article on the foreign pages written by John Tembo, Banda's probable successor, who also happens to be uncle of the famous Cecilia.

"Malawi's record as an oasis of high achievement in a Third World desert of under-achievement, disasters and absolute poverty is well-known," he wrote. This was all thanks to "our leader, father and founder of the Malawi nation, His Excellency the Life President Ngwazi Dr H. Kamazu Banda", not to mention the sterling efforts of "Official Hostess" Mama Cecilia Kadzamira, who "continues to render the much appreciated, dedicated and loyal service to His Excellency and Malawi".

The original version of Tembo's article included several wild attacks on Julie Flint, but Trelford grudgingly toned these down after a deputation of hacks and the *Observer* lawyer pointed out that they were libelling one of his own hackettes. Still, the craven Pixie inserted a line at the end, expressing regret for "any errors contained in our report last week" — even though he knew full well that Julie Flint's report was entirely accurate.

Even this abasement was not enough for Lonrho and its chum Hastings Banda. Last Sunday's *Observer* had to grovel some more, with a ludicrous letter praising Banda for making the Malawians "happy, smiling people" plus yet another apology to His Excellency the Life President and Mama Cecilia and her uncle for "any embarrassment or grief they may have suffered" as a result of Julie Flint's article. It remains to be seen whether the Pixie will carry further apologies next week, and the week after that...

Meanwhile, the *Observer* continues to celebrate "200 years of independent publication".

ANDREW "Brillo Pad" Neill will no doubt be interested to learn that there has been a sighting of Joseph "Joe" Wilkins, the escaped convict who was to have been one of the *Sunset Times*'s star witnesses in its defence of the Carmen Proetta libel case (see *Eyes passim*).

Readers may recall that old lag Wilkins was interviewed in jail last year by the *Sunset Times*'s barmy lawyer Alastair Brett, and agreed to provide evidence in the case if the paper made a "donation" to his sister. (Brett duly handed over £2,000, which later proved immensely embarrassing in court.)

Soon after giving a statement to the lawyer, however, Wilkins was transferred to an open jail from where he promptly escaped. As pointed out in *Eye* 763, his disappearance suited the *Sunset Times*'s friends in MI5 extremely well, since they wanted to blackguard Proetta in court through Wilkins's statement but were none too keen to have their thoroughly unimpressive witness — a convicted drug smuggler, no less — subjected to cross-examination.

Now a correspondent in Marbella tells the *Eye* that Wilkins has turned up on the Costa del Sol, where he has been seen and recognised by a number of expats. "He has been having breakfast in Puerto Banus and drives a right-hand drive V-registered white Triumph Stag convertible," our informant reveals. Something for the Insight Team and Inspector Knacker to investigate, perhaps?

Meanwhile, anyone who watched "Brillo Pad's" fanstastic performance on *Hard News* must have concluded that the sensitive Mr Neill, like his lawyer, has finally been pushed over the edge by the *Death On The Rock* Affair. Indeed, seeing Neill rant and rave against Thames Television, it was hard to believe that he and his paper had ignominiously lost the Proetta libel action.

In private, Neill and Brett explain defeat by the time-honoured method of blaming their lawyer — George Carman QC, generally reckoned to be the leading libel barrister in the country. The suggestion which leaks out with more and more force from the *Sunday Times* camp is that George Carman settled the case because he wasn't feeling well at the time (or in the alternative, was upset by his "personal problems"), and could not face an arduous argument in court.

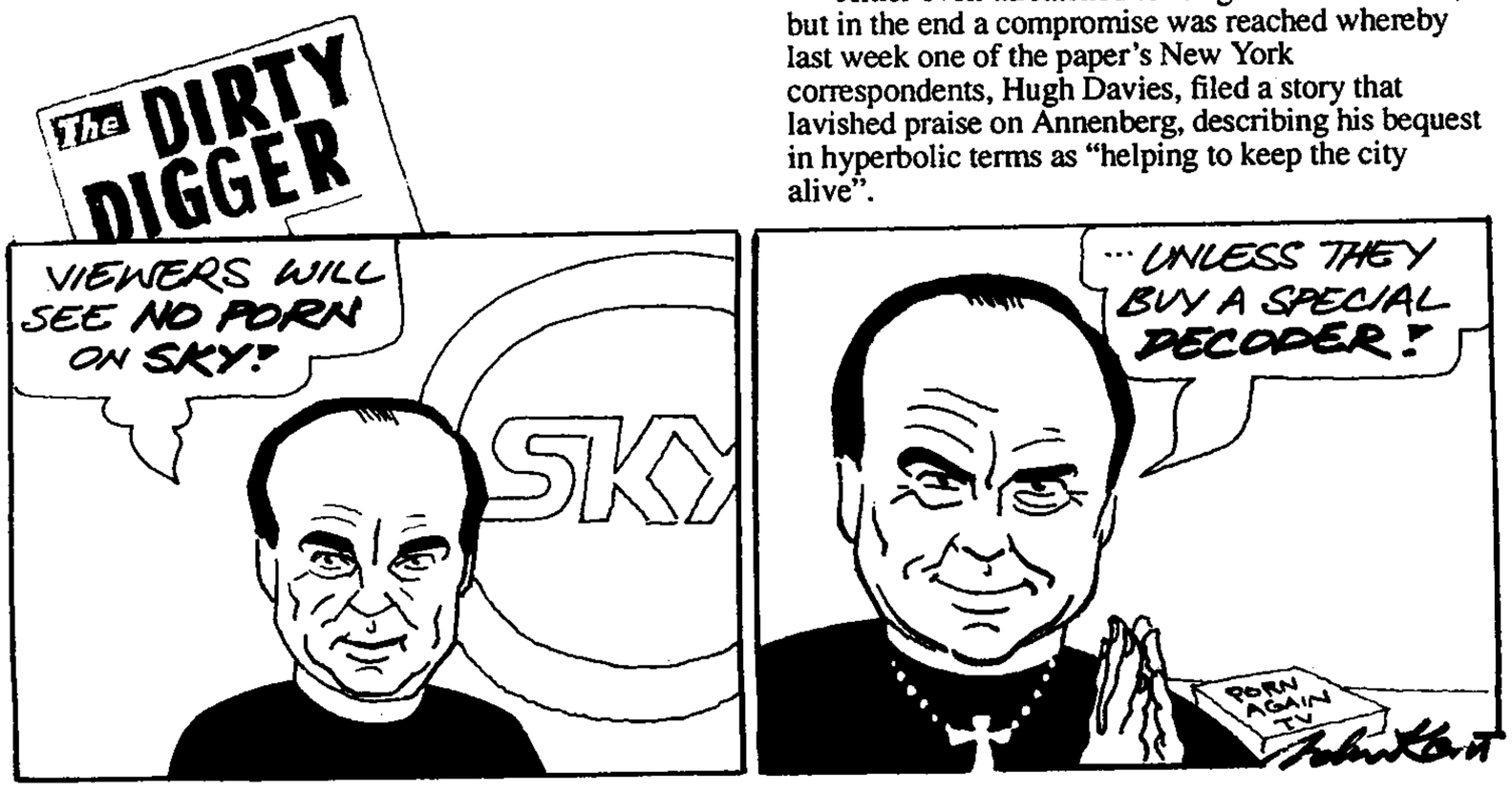
This is total nonsense. The QC advised a settlement as soon as he saw the documents about Brett's payment of money to a convicted drug smuggler. He realised the jury might be so outraged by such behaviour that the damages won by Proetta would have been astronomical.

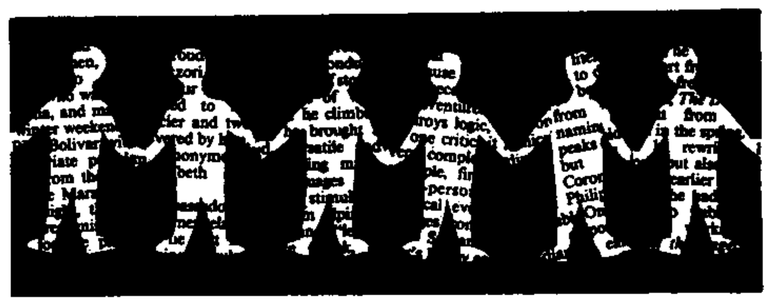
THE *Sunset Times* carried a rare scoop when it reported that *Telegraph* proprietor Conrad Black was furious with his rag's art critic Richard Dorment for comments he made about Walter Annenberg.

Annenberg, the former US ambassador to Britain, is a friend of Black's and is the mega-rich art collector who has bequeathed his collection to the Metropolitan Museum of Modern Art in New York. In an article on 19 April, Dorment wrote that "the conditions attached to the Annenberg bequest seem to me to have less to do with generosity and much more to do with a vanity so overweening that it takes the breath away."

What the *Sunset Times* did not know was the extent to which, in the rumpus that ensued, *Torygraph* editor Max "Hitler" Hastings stuck by his hacks, in particular Dorment and Nigel Reynolds, the arts editor.

Hitler even threatened to resign over the matter, but in the end a compromise was reached whereby last week one of the paper's New York correspondents, Hugh Davies, filed a story that lavished praise on Annenberg, describing his bequest in hyperbolic terms as "helping to keep the city alive".





HOW THEY ARE RELATED

SINCE THE Dirty Digger's cash crisis last year, *The Times* has imposed a ban on employing new photographers. Freelance snappers who had contracts with the paper have been used less or sacked altogether.

Yet one young photographer with almost no experience — one James Calvert-Jones — has recently circumvented the ban and won a job at *The Times*.

By an amazing coincidence, James Calvert-Jones is the nephew of... Rupert Murdoch.

***TODAY* editor and former *Sun* man Martin Dunn is feeling very uneasy at the moment.**

The reason is his brief Ugandan discussions with Fiona Wright, the five-times-a-night kiss 'n' tell slagette who works on *Sunday Sport*. Dunn has been ignoring Fiona's calls and she is getting rather cross with him. Perhaps cross enough to reveal all...

HACKS don't expect much excitement at editorial conferences, but those on the *Sunday Torygraph's* City and Business staff had a slight jolt at a recent chinwag hosted by their boss John Jay.

Jaybird proudly announced that he had left Mrs Jay for City profile writer Judi Bevan. Henceforth, the hacks learned, the gorgeous pouting hackette's column was to be recognised as the second most important piece in the *Torygraph's* business section — after Jaybird's own City Comment column, of course.

***ESQUIRE* has got cold feet about publishing a profile of Lonrho boss Tiny Rowland by Tom "The Dentist" Bower, author of the biography that launched a thousand writs from its subject, Robert Maxwell.**

Bower's profile was delivered a couple of months ago, but Rowland's spies evidently got wind of the fact that the article was likely to be critical and made some shrewd guesses as to which of Rowland's many enemies Bower had interviewed. *Esquire* soon received a two-page letter from solicitors Denton Hall Burgin & Warrens threatening to sue the magazine if it were to publish anything defamatory — an unlikely threat since the last thing Rowland would do is go into the witness-box and be cross-examined about his life.

What happened next was even more bizzare. *Esquire*'s editor, Lee Eisenberg, an American Jew, received a phone call from an Israeli embassy official informing him that Tiny Rowland was a friend of Israel and that nothing should be published that would harm his reputation.

Now, in a further, curious twist, a document being circulated in leather bindings by Lonhro contains a libel of Bower. The document is a summary of an affidavit by Francesca Pollard, the lady who for years has been campaigning to have Tiny Rowland charged with fraud over his business dealings with her father. Pollard swears that she was taken up by Rowland's sworn enemies, the Fayeds, and encouraged, both morally and financially, in her campaign against him. She also alleges that the Fayeds had asked her to pretend to be the authoress of a book that had been prepared by Richard New, Royston Webb and Michael Cole (all employees of the Fayeds) and which, according to Mohammed Fayed, was to be edited by Tom Bower. Yet Bower denies that he has ever been in the pocket of the Fayeds and insists that his relationship with them has been confined to the simple journalistic activity of seeking information which he is entitled to use in any way he sees fit.

Meanwhile the Fayeds have been displaying their scorn for Rowland in a more eccentric fashion. An enormous stuffed shark was recently suspended above the smoked fish counter in the Harrods food hall. On its fin is printed the word "Tiny".

HOW TO EXPLAIN the tiny lead Labour holds over the Tories, unless by the paralysis which appears to have infected the office of the leader of the opposition?

Two recent episodes confirm the opinion among backbenchers that Neil Kinnock's master plan is to say absolutely nothing controversial before the election, and thus win it by default.

First was the announcement from Labour's frontbench spokesman on Treasury affairs, the puffed-up poseur Paul Boateng, that Labour would be "going along with" the Government's plans to allow tax relief for the "names" at Lloyd's who have lost some of their enormous profits.

Though not a single Labour MP and precious few Labour supporters are names at Lloyd's, Boateng (who greeted his election in 1987 by a greatly reduced majority with the slogan: "Today Brent South, tomorrow Soweto") agreed at once with his boss, the former firebrand Margaret Beckett, that the party should be "seen to be fair" to all the unfortunate millionaires who have lost a few bob at Lloyd's.

The following week Kinnock's team was confronted with an even more horrific possibility: that it might be seen to be hostile to Her Majesty the Queen. Granada's *World in Action* broadcast a programme which showed how the royals, by a combination of bullying and wheedling, have managed over the years to escape taxation (Queen Victoria paid the lot; Brenda doesn't pay a penny).

As soon as he heard that there was likely to be a public campaign demanding that the Queen pay taxes, Kinnock issued the most ferocious warning that official Labour would have nothing to do with any such suggestion. So it was that apart from the unfortunate backbencher Brian Wilson (who agreed to go on *World in Action* without anticipating the hostility of his leader), the campaign to tax the Queen has been confined almost entirely to Tories and Liberal Democrats.

WITH big business — traditional paymaster of the Conservative Party — being squeezed until the pips squeak, it is only fitting that the financial health of the Tories should now resemble that of the rest of the country.

Indeed, judging by a recent begging letter from party chairman Chris Patten, the Tories are desperate to raise funds with which to fight the next election. Sadly, however, it appears that under Patten's stewardship they are throwing good money after bad.

"Give whatever you can; it will be the right investment for you, for your family and for the future of our country," Patten begged an elector in Newport, south Wales.

The voter in question, a Mr Paul Flynn, was not impressed and wrote back: "Frankly I was surprised by your statement that most of Conservative Party Funding comes from people like me." Most people would be surprised: Mr Flynn is Labour MP for Newport West.

THE CITY'S bizarre love affair with the Labour leadership shows little sign of abating.

The quest has now spread to the party's second XI, including David Clark, shadow minister of agriculture, who has been pursued by none other than Mick-the-Bruiser Newmarch, chief executive of the Pru.

Their lunch was a wild success and Newmarch was so smitten with Clark, a keen countryman, that he has invited him to sample the fishing at his Wye Valley estate.

Meanwhile Newmarch has consolidated his position at the Pru by negotiating an unprecedented three-year "rolling" contract entitling him (on his present salary) to compensation of £1,640,019 in the event of any abrupt departure — say as a result of being blamed for selling off the Pru's estate agencies at the bottom of the property market.

PETER BROOKE'S talks on the future of Ulster are "shabby... an exercise in self-delusion" and their collapse "will not be a disaster". These are not the views of Sinn Fein or the DUP, but rather the official line of the Conservative Party in Northern Ireland.

Despite less than subtle hints from Chris Patten, Tory members in the province have refused to shut up and tow the party line. Led by their prospective parliamentary candidates, they have been eagerly prophesying the failure of the initiative, even though the participants are clearly capable of wrecking things without outside help.

One reason for the Tories' discontent is their exclusion from Stormont, while rival politicians in the Alliance Party (which has no MPs and even less prospect of having one elected than the local Conservatives) are made welcome and collect generous daily attendance fees in the process.

Meanwhile at the talks, now subject to a vague media blackout, Brooke continues to do his best not to offend anybody likely to hold the balance of power should a hung parliament result from the next general election. Given the relationship between the ministerial team and the SDLP delegates, Neil Kinnock should not automatically assume that their votes are in his party bag, a mistake Jim Callaghan made to his cost back in 1979.

RIGHT-WING rude boy John Carlisle, the Tory member for Luton North whose family has bred pigs (*sic*) since the turn of the century, has been sending out more offensive material through the post.

Readers will recall Piglet's intemperate reply to Mrs Rosemary Marshall of Aylesbury (see *Eye* 769) after she had the courtesy to write to him about the now withdrawn Pig Husbandry Bill. In an unusual display of venom, Carlisle said, among other things: "I suggest that you concern yourself with a subject about which you have some knowledge rather than displaying your obvious ignorance..."

Not content with upsetting Mrs Marshall, the unimaginative Piglet wrote exactly the same words to another member of the public, Ms Caron Hurdle of Bedford. She in turn wrote back to the MP and, with commendable prescience, said: "I find it deeply disturbing that a person better suited perhaps to the profession of cleaning out pigsties in in fact an elected representative of parliament."

THERE HAVE been repercussions at Westminster following the *Eye*'s articles on the Treasury's gift of £6,000 million to the already fabulously rich international oil companies.

Greenwich MP Rosie Barnes of the SDP (*What that? Ed.*) wrote to Norman Lamont, the Chancellor, on behalf of one of her constituents to complain that the public now had to pay all the costs of removing oil platforms from the North Sea.

John Maples, Economic Secretary to the Treasury, replied that the measure was "negligible" (if it was so negligible why did John Major, as last year's chancellor, and Lamont this year waste a whole clause of the Finance Bill on it?) and that the cost at 1990 prices was "only" £4.5 billion.

The £6 billion quoted in the *Eye* was in fact the figure given by Energy Minister Peter Morrison in December 1987 when he was trying to encourage British companies to tender for the job. At 1990 prices that figure would be nearer £8 billion.

While this sleight-of-hand — talking up figures when trying to make a project attractive to business and talking them down to reassure taxpayers — is typical of the Government, the scandal remains.

AS BRITISH Rail's cataclysmic results will show when they are published, all the recent talk about rail privatisation is codswallop.

The BR report will also show that far from improving, railway finances will continue to deteriorate. So why should some of the idiotic privatisation talk be emanating from Malcolm Rifkind, the Transport Secretary who in other respects easily outshines his dismal predecessor, Cecil Parkinson?

Could the answer lie in the powerful personality of the new permanent secretary at his department, arch-privatiser Patrick Brown, lately of the Department of the Environment, who is ever-anxious to embellish his place in history as the man who flogged off water?

'Backbiter'

O.B.N.

CAPE TOWN. — A prize nectarine was yesterday named after the former British Prime Minister, Mrs Margaret Thatcher, at a special reception on the Stellenbosch Wine Route, hosted jointly by the Western Cape fruit and wine industries.

Mr Kriel, managing director of Unifruco, said the Margaret's Pride nectarine had qualities similar to Mrs Thatcher's in that the tree was strong, vigorous and upright, but disliked wet conditions.

Like Mrs Thatcher, he said, it was attractive, well-shaped, with fresh smooth skin and rosy cheeks.

Also like her, the fruit was able to endure rough handling. It retained its flavour during prolonged chilling, and could travel well.

BERT VAN HEES
The Citizen

She is perfect. The best thing in the papers this week was the sight of her running in the parents' race at Wetherby Preparatory School, where Prince Harry is a pupil.

As everyone knows, she came fourth in the race. The three women who unpatriotically ran faster than Princess Di should be sent to the Tower of London and made to eat bread and water for a year.

The Princess of Wales looked superb, running as fast as she could, with bare legs and feet. Without in any way wishing to sound prurient, I would say that her feet were such stuff as dreams are made on.

I would love to have been holding the finishing tape in that race and to have seen her naked feet rushing by in the grass.

A.N. WILSON
Evening Standard

Submitted by Dr T. Greenfield, Neil Motteram.

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

GAY NEWS

STUNG by our piece in the last *Eye*, the *New Statesman and Society* announced last week that it was stopping its notorious libel suit against *The Pink Paper*, the gay weekly which has been pursued through the courts for more than a year by the *NSS* and its chairman, Duncan "Dunky" Campbell.

"The board and Duncan Campbell have now agreed that the *NSS* will withdraw its own action," the *Staggers*'s new editor, Steve Platt, announced in an editorial, "offering the *Pink Paper* and its publishers a fresh opportunity to end the case on the basis originally agreed. If they fail to do so, Duncan Campbell will continue in his name alone. That case would then be seen for what it is — a distinguished and courageous journalist's defence against a vendetta of a particularly hateful kind."

Quite why it is "courageous" for a wealthy and influential hack to sue an obscure and impoverished magazine was not explained.

The "basis originally agreed" last year was that Dunky would have a right of reply to the *Pink Paper*'s article which had criticised his attitude to AIDS treatment. But when the reply arrived, the *Pink Paper* was advised by counsel it was highly libellous and would almost certainly provoke further writs from other people. The newspaper told Dunky that it would be happy to run the article if he removed the libels. Instead of complying, he reached for his lawyer — and has been suing *Pink Paper* ever since.

The Staggers's new offer has the same catch as the old offer: if the *Pink Paper* runs Dunky's libellous piece — thereby incurring yet more writs and legal bills — he will leave it in peace. If it refuses, it will incur writs and legal bills anyway — from him.

Meanwhile, the *Staggers*'s lawyer (Brian Raymond of Bindman & Co) has told the *Pink Paper* that he will withdraw his clients' writ on the understanding that each side pays its own costs — which in the *Pink Paper*'s case already stand at an unaffordable £10,000. This less than generous suggestion has been swiftly rejected. The case looks set to run and run.

Grovel

TO THE Foreign Press Association for the launch of Bruce Anderson's book, *John Major: The Making of a Prime Minister*.

I am pleased to be able to report that "Brute" has not allowed the vagaries of life as a freelance hack (he was sacked shortly before Thatch was prized out of Number Ten) to diminish his impressive girth, though I was a little disappointed that he managed to avoid any bad behaviour.

There are many familiar faces — Sir Robin Day, David Owen, Lord King, Lord Hesketh, Charles and Carla Powell, Alan Clark MP, even Norma Major deep in conversation with freeloader and gatecrasher Nicholas Brooks. But alas! No sign of Mr Major himself.

Then suddenly I spy the PM across the room, looking resplendent in suit, tie and spectacles, his grey hair swept rakishly across his forehead and his winning smile on display. For some peculiar reason he is being ignored by all around him and appears to be silent. Such modesty, I muse.

When I look again a few moments later Mr Major is in exactly the same position with the garishly bonhomous expression on his face. Upon closer examination I discover that it is not Mr Major at all but an astonishingly lifelike cardboard cut-out.

FRESH FROM his triumphant acquittal, Pat Pottle tells me of a curious telephone call he received last year from Tom Maschler, ageing boss of Jonathan Cape.

Cape was about to publish the memoirs of Soviet Spy George Blake at the time, but had just been scooped by a BBC film in which Blake was interviewed at length by Tom Bower. Seething with rage, Maschler rang Pottle and asked if he knew of any hitmen who could be hired to assault Bower.

Pottle, who is a well-known pacifist, was baffled by this request. "Why me?" he inquired.

"I noticed you live in London N8," the demented Maschler explained. "Lots of hitmen live round there. I thought you might know some."

Maschler was unavailable for comment last week. He is said to be on a "rest cure" in the United States.

● *MARK THATCHER'S self-importance would appear to know no bounds. I hear that his wife Diane was recently despatched from Texas to Britain to meet a parent from Weatherby, the pre-prep school which Prince Harry attends in west London.*

Mark and Diane are currently looking for an appropriate school for their own sprog, the Thatcher grandson, and Diane went armed with a list of written questions. Among them were the following: Can he have bodyguards inside the building, and if so, how many? How many policemen can be posted outside without disrupting the life of the school?

Given that both the Prince of Wales and Health Secretary William Waldegrave, the Upper Class Twit of the Year, already have children at the school, this rather smacks of overkill.

Pseuds Corner

[James] Kelman may or may not be a scholar of Latin rhetoric, but he's well up on all its tricks. Just look at this sentence: "Fucking bogging mud, man, a swamp, an actual swamp, it was fucking a joke" (from *The Burn*). **In standard literary English it's a nonsense. Heard in a Glasgow voice, it carries meaning and feeling perfectly. And as an instance of how Kelman's colloquial-intellectual idiolect works itself out, it is astonishingly beautiful and exciting.**

JENNY TURNER
London Review of Books

Then it's off to a party to celebrate the birth of BBC2 controller Alan Yentob's son, Jakob. Transcending religious boundaries, the baby received a libation of yak butter served up from a container blessed by the Dalai Lama. Apparently this is a traditional Tibetan gesture...

...The party was held in architects Richard and Ruth Rogers' spectacular Chelsea conversion: a gutted 18th century terrace overlooking Wren's Chelsea Pensioners' hostel. With such a glittering array of London's arts establishment present, I was curious to discover on an impromptu survey that 6 out of 10 present failed to recognise a painting on the wall as King by Andy Warhol.

NIGEL FINCH
Guardian

The situation in the Holy Land at the time of Christ was just like the ANC and South Africa.

MIRIAM MARGOYLES
Start The Week

I also strongly recommend for glamorous gatherings that you order the Live Butterfly Farm from FAO Schwarz in New York (use their new mail-order catalogue). This way, for one special occasion, you can release a swarm of butterflies in your home. The ef-

fect is just too chic as they wing and flap their tiny selves about; alighting upon your hair and table, especially if you put loads of flowers about. The more adventurous can provide another "live" decorative element by hiring out-of-work actors, models and musicians to perform as "slave-boys" and "minstrels".

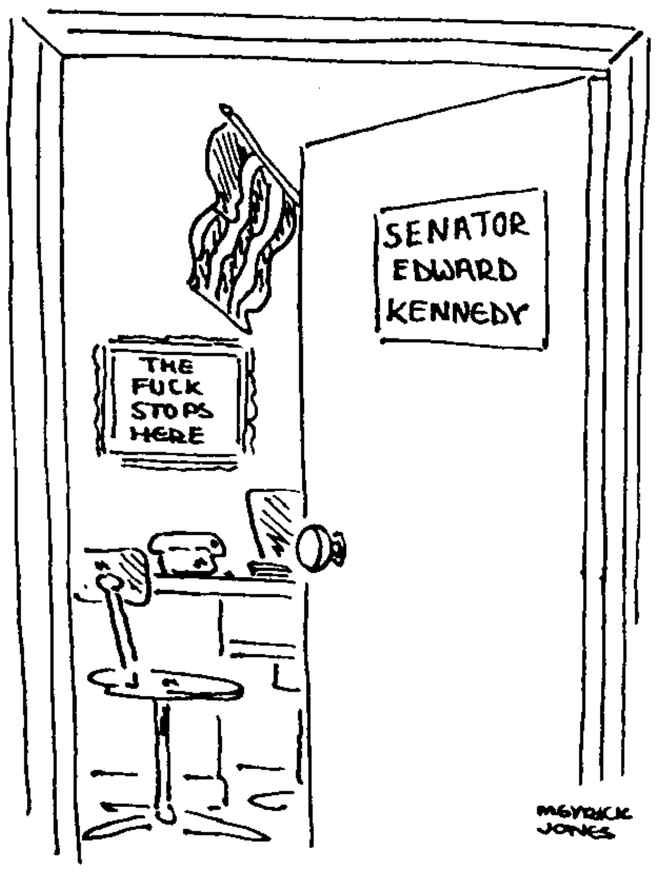
Elle Decoration

Aldeburgh's performance, with the Aquarius Ensemble conducted by Nicholas Cleobury at Snape, was commendable for its clarity of musical thinking, and an atmospheric set of decaying fairground remnants; but it made muted theatre for anyone who remembers Opera Factory's production for its intensity of movement and the brutal expressivity of Mr Punch's (Omar Ebrahim's) bottom. I had never thought a bottom could be so articulate.

MICHAEL JOHN WHITE
Independent

CONTRIBUTORS: Anon, Vera Wetrode, E. Strobes, Susan O'Connell, Anne Orne.

£10 paid for entries



MY FRIEND Jeffrey Archer tells me that as Hodder & Stoughton has a record 130,000 copies of *As The Crow Flies* in the bookshops he doesn't understand how he has been replaced within a month of publication as number one bestseller by *Gridlock*, a book by Ben "Yes indeed" Elton. The truth is simply that Jeffrey's books are indeed in the bookshops. Anyone wanting to support Jeffrey might buy a copy of his new novel and thus diminish the number of copies still for sale.

CHARITY begins at home — and no where more so than for the old jailbird Gerald Ronson, crippled by a whopping £5 million fine for his part in the Guinness affair.

As his counsel, Michael Sharrard, told the appeal court, the fine is a "millstone around the neck of this very good man". Happily the judges have now given Ronson an extra 12 months to pay it and reduced by £110,000 the amount he had been ordered to pay towards his costs.

Those who thought Gerald richer than Croesus — myself included — would have been interested to hear his QC whining that just because Ronson had a 15 percent shareholding of Heron International, it did not mean that he was worth the £90 million that this nominally represented.

As this organ has pointed out, Ronson set up three charities, all controlled by him, which own about half the shares in Heron International. Although the value of their holdings was declared to the Charity Commissioners as "nil", before sobbing readers reach for their wallets, they should remember that in 1989/90 Ronson's declared income from this valueless company was $4.9 million and Heron of course makes not insubstantial pension fund contributions on his behalf.

I AM hugely amused to see how many of my friends are being reduced to penury by the Lloyd's *débâcle*.

Take poor Rupert Allason, the Tory MP for Torbay who is better known to the public as the spy-writer Nigel West. "We will get a bill for the year 1988/89 next week which we will have to pay whether we like it or not," he tells the *Western Morning News*. "I don't want to say how much the bill is for, but I will certainly gulp when I write out the cheque, and the family will be eating bread and water for the next three years."

Rupert, to my certain knowledge, owns houses in London, Berkshire, Devon, Switzerland and the Caribbean — and no doubt there are one or two others to which he has never invited me. His wife, Nikki von Moppe, is the daughter of a former diamond dealer in Bermuda on whom Ian Fleming based his book *Diamonds Are Forever*. If this gilded couple really can't afford any dripping for their bread, I trust my readers will rally round by sending food parcels. Rupert can be reached at the House of Commons, SW1.

Pip Pip!

NOOKS and CORNERS

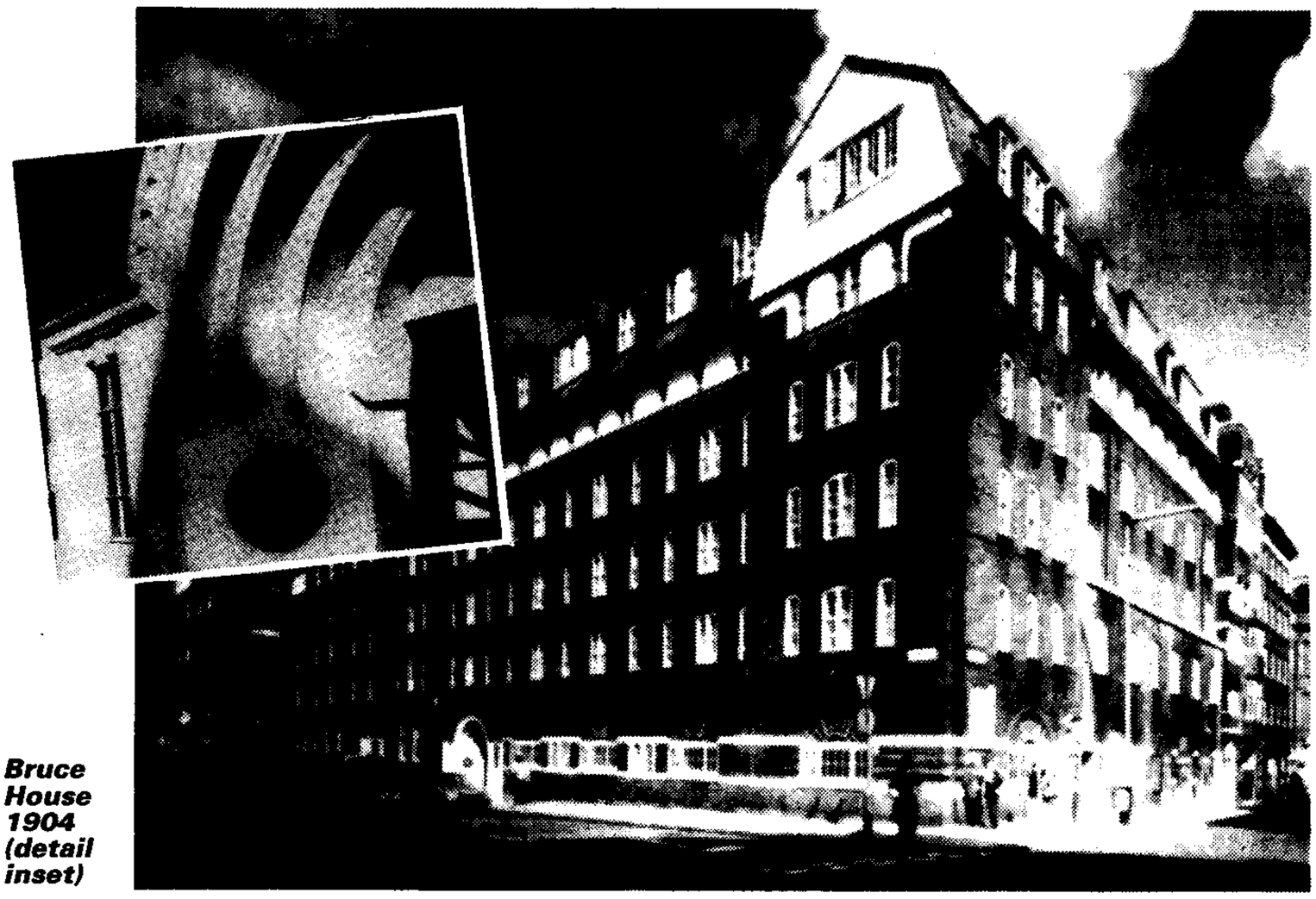
IT IS NOT only cemeteries, the homes of the dead, that Westminster City Council has been anxious to dispose of for a few pounds: this dynamic Thatcherite local authority is also anxious to rid itself of any asset that benefits the living — if it saves money.

This is painfully evident in the dilapidated state of Bruce House, a lodging house in Covent Garden built in Drury Lane in 1904 by the London County Council to shelter 699 men. It is a fine and characteristic example of the work of what was then an inspired and progressive municipal architects' department — work which, in many ways, has not been emulated since.

Inspired by the ideals of William Morris and the careful, Arts and Crafts architecture of men like Philip Webb, the young architects working for the LCC in the 1890s designed slum-clearance schemes which remain models of humane and sensible public housing. They also built such things as fire stations and lodging houses all over London which are conspicuous for their cheerful character and careful detailing. Bruce House was the work of J.R. Stark, who had founded the LCC housing branch in 1895. Its beautifully constructed red brick exterior with stone dressings, in a traditional but not derivative manner, is as good as anything of its sort.

While the LCC may have disappeared, homeless men have not. Bruce House is as potentially useful today as it was when built; but Westminster City Council — to whom the building was transferred in 1966 — seems uninterested in such unglamorous amenities. In 1980, when it was alleged that the building had become unfit for human habitation, the council considered various schemes to modernise it but did nothing. In 1982 the council proposed replacing Bruce House with a combined office block and hostel with 168 beds. Two years later, after a public inquiry, planning permission was refused because Westminster's plan to provide new hostel accommodation elsewhere was insufficient to offset the loss of Bruce House.

So, in 1985, Westminster resolved to get rid of Bruce House altogether. The building was offered for sale — *for £1* — to any developer who would fulfil the planning brief for the site, which was for a 120-bed hostel, private residential accommodation, car parking and shops. This scheme, which was intended to provide a limited amount of hostel accommodation at no cost whatever to the good ratepayers of Westminster, assumed that English Heritage would not object to the demolition of a Grade II listed building. But in 1987 English Heritage indicated that it would not grant listed building consent to facilitate the scheme produced by Westminster's selected developer, Bucklesway Developments Ltd.



Bruce House 1904 (detail inset)

Westminster remained undaunted, no doubt inspired by the then leader Lady Porter's enthusiasm for asset stripping and cost cutting. In 1988 the city council revised the planning brief and now required a capital sum as well as a mere 60-bed hostel from the developer, which was again Bucklesway.

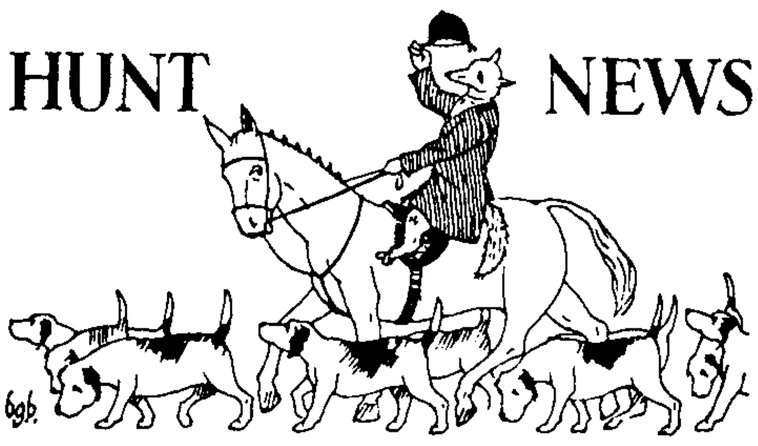
This involved the loss of 639 bed spaces as well as a handsome listed building: a loss scarcely offset by 81 beds in three new hostels elsewhere in the city. However, at the end of last year, Westminster decided not to proceed with the Bucklesway scheme but to "remarket" poor Bruce House. The developer's costs in submitting two planning applications have been paid by Westminster, whose social services committee has also managed to find £100,000 to maintain the run-down heating system in Bruce House for a year or so.

Despite the conspicuous and degrading sight of the homeless roaming the streets of central London, Westminster City Council has no plans to provide any new hostel accommodation and has never fulfilled the undertaking made at the 1983 public inquiry to provide 278 new bed spaces. Instead, to minimise the poll tax, the council hopes to decant the tiresome homeless to other boroughs.

Meanwhile Bruce House continues to deteriorate. It is a fine building, a visual and social asset to Covent Garden which merely needs modernisation. But Westminster council seems to have little regard for good architecture which is off the tourist routes. The present dismal and threatened state of Bruce House is as good a symbol as any for the decline of London during the reign of Lady Thatcher. Come back the LCC: all is forgiven.

'Piloti'

HUNT NEWS



ANTI-HUNT protester Allan Hetherington was recently acquitted at Chichester *Magistrates'* Court of a charge of disorderly conduct arising from an incident nine months ago in which he was knocked unconscious by a mounted huntsman.

Hetherington, an ex-Grenadier guardsman and, by profession, a deep-sea diver, went out with a group of anti-hunt protesters to a meet of the Chiddingfold, Leconfield and Cowdray Hunt.

At one point Jeremy Waley, a joint master of the Chiddingfold, Leconfield and Cowdray, allegedly used his horse to push Hetherington against a tree, thus knocking him unconscious. When he came to, Hetherington sought out a police officer, one Inspector Bardwell, and demanded protection from Waley, explaining that he had been assaulted by him and that he feared another attack.

Bardwell laughed at him and instead arrested him for a public order offence. Hetherington was kept locked up for the next 14 hours (he was allowed to see a doctor a couple of hours after the incident). Every half hour he asked the police to bring a charge on his behalf against Waley; each time the police told him that they would only do this after he had been charged himself and interviewed. In the evening, Hetherington was released (he was charged but not interviewed) and insisted on bringing a charge against Waley. The police took a statement from him.

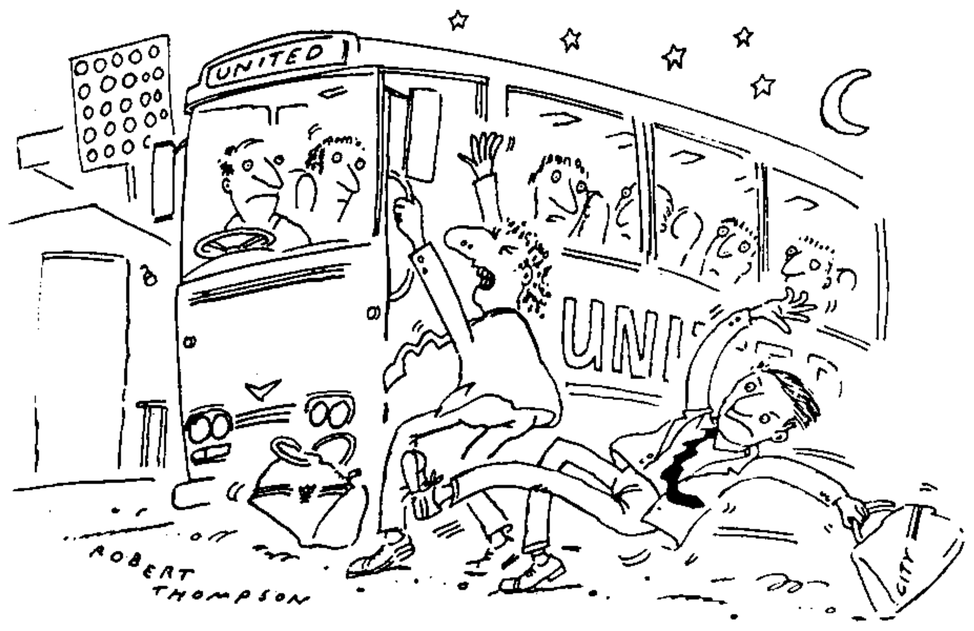
On the Monday morning he appeared before a magistrate and was bailed for nine months, one of the conditions being that he stay away from any hunt in the whole of the United Kingdom. Since then, as a result of his injury, Hetherington has been suffering from various symptoms of a bruise to the brain, such as headaches and "ghosting", and is on medication. The CPS has declined to prosecute Waley for assault.

Hetherington's case came up before a magistrate at Chichester on 20 June. Waley gave evidence against him, as did two other members of the hunt. Inspector Bardwell also gave evidence, saying that there had been no marks on Hetherington when he was arrested, a statement that was contradicted by a police constable and by the notes of the doctor who had examined him, both of whom had noticed a rather prominent wound on his forehead.

Hetherington's defence witnesses included three protesters who said that they had seen two men chasing and whipping him, one on horseback, another on foot. The magistrate hearing the case decided halfway through the evidence that Hetherington should be acquitted. The solicitor for the Chiddingfold, Leconfield and Cowdray Hunt, who had been in court throughout the two-day hearing, was visibly discomfited by the outcome.

Although the CPS won't prosecute Waley for assault, it is nonetheless inviting the court to bind him over to keep the peace. Amazingly, the hunt's solicitor has asked for extra time to prepare Waley's case — in addition, that is, to the nine months that have elapsed since the incident.

'Reynard'



"That's a late tackle if ever I saw one"

TV

thirtysomething

(C4)

THE NEWS has come through from America that *thirtysomething*, the elegant American parable about how decaffeinated coffee and a personal trainer do not necessarily ensure continuous happiness, has been cancelled. The last series, just ended in America, will be shown here next year.

It is fascinating to imagine the moment when the cast was told of MGM's (the commissioning network's) decision. "You're all fired," announces a cigar-sucking executive. "Are you trying to tell us something?" wails one actor. "Do you want to talk about this?" shouts another. "Just I'm getting negative vibes off of you and I thought, if we can get this whole thing out into the open..."

One of the women characters fixes her huge Belgian-chocolate eyes on the mogul's and murmurs: "We kinda have to find out what you mean, really mean, when you say 'You're fired'. Then, if we can get from where you are to where we are, we can talk this through..." Repeating his first words the mogul walks out. The cast is stunned. For the first time in five years working on the programme, they have discovered that not all human problems can be solved by earnest discussion and Hershey bar philosophy.

There is no doubt that *thirtysomething* is considerably more literate and intelligent than virtually all American (and, indeed, most British) serial dramas: there are parts that deserve comparison with Updike. It was a clever series from its conception, when the producing independent company (Bedford Falls Company) had the idea of resisting the crap-inducing gravitational forces of most US television by targeting a smart, snappy drama at the prime advertising market: the yuppies. It is mirror television: if the viewers have to leave the room to change baby, they are unlikely to miss much because, when they return, Hope — The Perfect Mother — will just have done the same.

The serial is also more visually imaginative than is normal for the form. Where *Dallas* resorted to a dream only in desperation, to explain the return of a dead character, the sophisticates in *thirtysomething* gulp down dream sequences, fantasies — manless Melissa presents her history of failed dates as a black-tie cabaret act — and long confessional monologues as regular as ginseng.

And yet, despite all this, *thirtysomething* remains an informative example of the pressures on American television programmes to reassure viewers and avoid upsetting pressure groups. All the danger of the series is in design, not message.

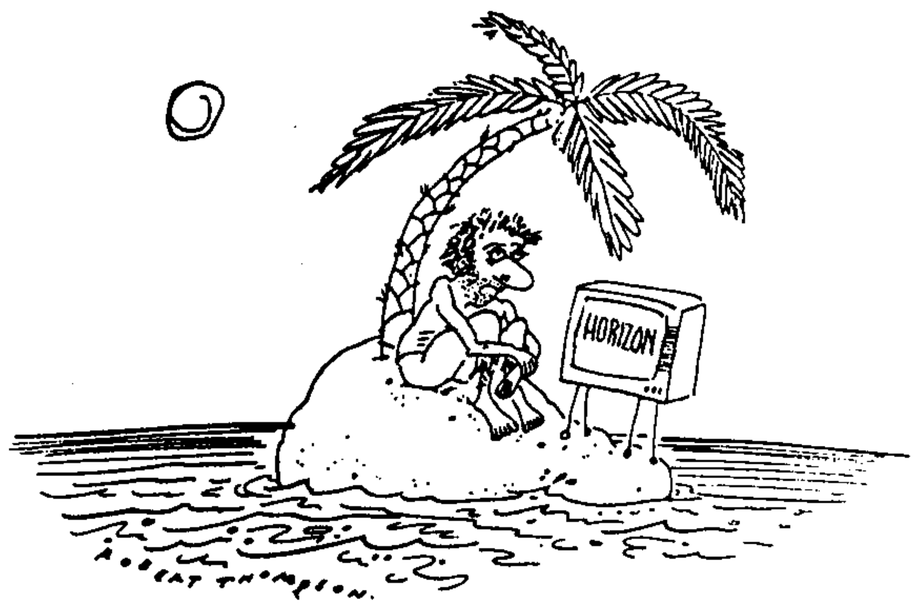
For example, during the most recent series, Nancy — wife of Elliott, the hairy but lovable advertising executive — contracted cancer. Grim reality, and statistical probability, would dictate that Nancy would die. And, indeed, the producers of *thirtysomething* had long wanted to do an episode about the experience for thirtysomethings of the funeral of a contemporary — giving the characters something new to Talk About and Work Out — but the programme also faced the constraint of the need for Nancy to be a Positive Role Model for cancer-victims. Therefore, Nancy survives and the programme, with the cowardly cop-out of soap operas down the ages, writes out another character, in the final series, via the device of an off-screen car-crash, a chance happening which is unlikely to inflame any special-interest spokespersons.

And, in the episode shown on Saturday night, the series tackled the big one: God. Elliott, a lapsed Catholic, returned home to visit his widowed mother, a still committed papist. Elliott is rude to a visiting priest, a teacher at the school where his mother works, angrily rejecting "that whole Catholic answer". Elliott then rails against Mom and her belief in faith over deeds.

Next morning, though, Elliott is at the school, waiting for the priest. "I'm sorry. I bought into that room last night a whole lot of things which had nothing to do with you," he explains. He now accepts that the church saved his mother from alcoholism (stop writing, bishop) and, indeed, Elliott confesses, he now realises he "still wants Christ so much" (we're on your side, Billy Graham). Before dashing to the airport, Elliott has time for a reconciliation with Mom. At the end, as Nancy goes under for her last chemotherapy session, Elliott reads to her from the Narnia books of C.S. Lewis: a typically slick compromise between literacy and Christianity.

This is how *thirtysomething* works: the preceding 45 minutes of irony are undermined by a closing dose of sincerity. The series still believes in apple pie, just with a little more spice in the recipe.

'Square Eyes'



MEDIA NEWS

MAGNIFICENT and glorious was the Anglia Television account of the arrival at Harwich on 20 June of the "new" Steena-Sealink ferry, the Steena Britannica.

The tribute (which shows how much Anglia TV welcomes Sealink advertising) did not go down well with unlucky passengers who had just got off the ferry. They recall the voyage from the Hook as one of the worst experiences of their lives. They remember in particular:

- Two and a half hours' delay in boarding caused mainly by the fact that the loading ramps for cars did not fit the slips, and no one knew where the cars were meant to go when they boarded the ferry.
- Three hours' delay disembarking; due to the same sort of problems (and the fact that the ferry could hardly be berthed at all).
- Very little refreshment on board — almost no food.
- Cabins uncleaned since VIPs celebrating the maiden voyage had occupied them on the trip out to Holland. Much of the electrical equipment in the cabins was faulty.
- An astonishing disregard for safety, including a failure to translate any of the warning notices and safety signs from Swedish.

TIMES ARE desperate at Thames TV, which is proposing to sack 220 staff in a last-ditch — and probably doomed — attempt to save its franchise.

The deputy editor of Thames News, Brad Williams, recently filmed an interview with Richard Branson, who happens to be one of the rival bidders for the station. "Oh, by the way Mr Branson," he murmured afterwards, as the bearded balloonist was preparing to depart. "If Thames do lose their franchise, can I work for you?"

Branson asked the hack for his business card. Alas, Williams did not have such a thing and was reduced to scribbling his name and number on the back of a fag packet. No doubt the great pop tycoon was suitably impressed.

JANET Street-Porter, the BBC's director of Yoof programmes, has finally been subjected to a little internal discipline.

Prior to the appointment of a new director of music and arts, Street-Walker gave a number of press interviews promoting her cause and pontificating about the Beeb's supposedly antediluvian attitude to female executives. Curiously, however, she never actually put in for the job. She has now been expressly forbidden to give any interviews without first clearing them with the office of BBC managing director, Will Wyatt.

HACK WATCH No. 3: William Rees-Mogg

SOLIPSISM, according to *Chambers' Dictionary*, is "the theory that self-existence is the only certainty, absolute egoism — the extreme form of subjective idealism".

Anyone who is still unsure what it means should read William Rees-Mogg's column in the *Indescribablyboring* for a few weeks. Here is self-absorption taken to new heights: a belief that nothing actually matters unless Lord Rees-Mogg of Hinton Blewitt has some connection with it.

Even when there is no Mogg angle at all, he will create one. The week after the Lockerbie disaster he devoted much of his column to the revelation that he, too, had once flown on a Pan Am aeroplane. It hadn't blown up or crashed; but it had experienced some turbulence, which had caused a stewardess to spill a glass of orange juice.

He isn't always accurate, of course: after the Tories' first ballot last November, he announced that Mrs Thatcher's position was now safe; and his theory that the Lockerbie crash was caused by fatigue rather than an explosion was proved wrong on the very day it appeared. But that is to miss the point: Mogg is strictly for laughs.

Who could forget the gloriously Pooterish opening to his column on 18 February this year? "I was one of the fortunate people invited to the *Vanity Fair* launch party, which was cancelled because of the Gulf War... I was pleased to be invited to the party, and pleased to be sent a copy of the first issue of *Vanity Fair* to be published simultaneously in London and New York. Although I usually visit New York two or three times a year, I had never read *Vanity Fair* before... *Vanity Fair* does indeed have all the benefits of skilful modern layout. I do not know Charles Churchward, the art and design director..."

Mogg's piece on *Vanity Fair* used the word "I" no fewer than 24 times. But this all-comers' record has now been challenged by a blizzard of first-person singulars in his column of 24 June. "Last Thursday," he began, "I spent the whole of a cool day at Lords, watching the first day of the Test match... In the evening I went on to the *Newsnight* studio for a discussion with John Smith of the prospects for the economy if the Labour Party won the election. Peter Snow was in the chair..."

Faithful readers searching the rest of the column for the point of his cricket story — a comparison of the English test side with the shadow cabinet, perhaps? — sought in vain. But we did learn much else about the ubiquitous "I": "I have been writing about Labour Party economic policy since the *Bristol Evening World* — long since departed — published my first professional article on Hugh Gaitskell's budget of 1951"; "In my lifetime there have been four Labour governments and seven Labour chancellors"; "I have known five of the seven Labour chancellors"; "I have never been on a golf course".

Sometimes, however, a note of modesty creeps in. On 25 February this year Mogg informed us that "Mr Major is largely surrounded by middle-aged pro-Europeans, a class to which I myself belong. He should not assume that they speak for the nation."

Finally, never let it be said that Lord Rees-Mogg's ambit is narrow — for on 25 March he wrote about working-class deprivation and disease in Edinburgh. On Scottish housing estates, he noted, prison and the dole provided "background institutions as familiar as the Garrick and Lords are to a London subculture." This magnificently apposite comparison presumably justifies the £55,000 salary Rees-Mogg is paid for his weekly trifles.

WHAT A determined chap is Peter Taylor, the presenter of the BBC2's *TV Eye*. He devotes an entire programme, plus heaven knows how much BBC licence money, to pursuing his old vendetta against John Stalker, former deputy chief constable of Manchester.

Taylor's history in this matter has been well-documented in the *Eye*. In 1986 he was responsible for two *Panorama* programmes. The first took the side of Stalker and strongly suggested that the allegations against him were part of an establishment conspiracy to remove him from the inquiry into "shoot to kill allegations" involving the police and MI5 in Northern Ireland. A few months later, Taylor completely reversed his position and proclaimed that Stalker had been rightly suspended and that the connection between his suspension and his inquiry in Northern Ireland was purely coincidental (see *Eyes* 666, 667).

Taylor then wrote a book to prove his second theory; but no one has ever heard of it since it was quickly followed by Stalker's own book on the affair, which handsomely proves that the charges against him were far too close to the climax of his Northern Ireland inquiry to be considered coincidental. Stalker himself was of course cleared by his own police committee of all charges. His book has now been followed by the acquittal on all charges of the man said to have been "a bad influence" on Stalker — Manchester businessman Kevin Taylor. If further proof were needed of the foul deeds done to Stalker by Manchester and West Yorkshire police, Kevin Taylor provides it in his own book, *The Poisoned Tree*.

Yet Peter Taylor cannot let go. At the Edinburgh Festival last year he teamed up with *Sunday Telegraph* bore and arch-reactionary Bruce Anderson (a friend of Sir John Hermon, former chief constable of the Royal Ulster Constabulary) to denounce Peter Kosminsky, the producer of Yorkshire TV's dramatic exposé of the Stalker scandal. On 14 June, Taylor's *Public Eye* programme returned to the subject, expounding yet again the unlikely theory that a police inquiry into something called The Quality Street Gang (not one of whose members has ever been named by Peter Taylor or anyone else) pointed the finger of suspicion at Stalker and Taylor at exactly the time that Stalker was hunting a crucial tape which would expose MI5 and police complicity in the murder of a young man in Northern Ireland.

Peter Taylor kept saying that Stalker and Taylor were entirely innocent of any suspicions held against them — but insisted that the suspicions were justified at the time, even though they have since been rejected by the Manchester police committee and a court of law. The whole Taylor theory rests on one plank: namely that the police were informed long before Stalker sought the notorious tape that the friendship between the deputy chief constable and Kevin Taylor was a cause for concern.

The informant was a half-crazed supergrass called David Bertelstein. Somehow, Peter Taylor manages to skate over the fact that Bertelstein, who is now dead, was a notorious informer for the RUC. Any intervention against Stalker by Bertelstein points towards a conspiracy, not away from it. Nor had Taylor anything to say about the extraordinary Granada *Reports* programme last year which revealed that at a crucial period in the Stalker story a senior Manchester detective met a senior RUC special branch officer at Manchester airport.

Taylor's programme was very well received by the RUC and its former boss, Hermon, who has appeared previously on Taylor's programmes. Also on screen were such usually publicity-shy VIPs as the former chief constable of West Yorkshire, Colin Sampson, who wrote the original Stalker smear report, and the chief inspector of constabulary, Sir Laurence Byford. Taylor asked them all whether they had been involved in a cover-up. When they said no, he announced that he had proved that there had not been a cover-up.

Ad nauseam

Sir

A worm's eye view of sleepy, suburban garden... it could only be David Lynch.

But no, it's our friends British Gas. The keepers of the blue flame have copied BLUE VELVET.

Yours faithfully,
PAUL OSWALD,

London NW3.

Sir,

Am I the only couch-potato to have noticed salient similarities between concept and characterisation of the new Golden Wonder crisps commercial (middle-aged men and women dressed as urchins partaking and cheating in a countryside game of hide and seek) and Dennis Potter's rather juvenile TV screenplay BLUE REMEMBERED HILLS*?*

Yours vegetating,
GUS CHAMBERS,

Liverpool.

Sir,

I notice that Lucy Chennell's pipped me at the post by exposing Tennent's Extra's plagiarism of LOCAL HERO.

Here's another one then: Oil of Ulay (maverick young flyer discovers that the attractive woman he is pursuing is to be his teacher) is lifted from TOP GUN.

Do I get my ten quid?

Yours faithfully,
DR GEORGE SIK,

Thames Ditton, Surrey.

Sir,

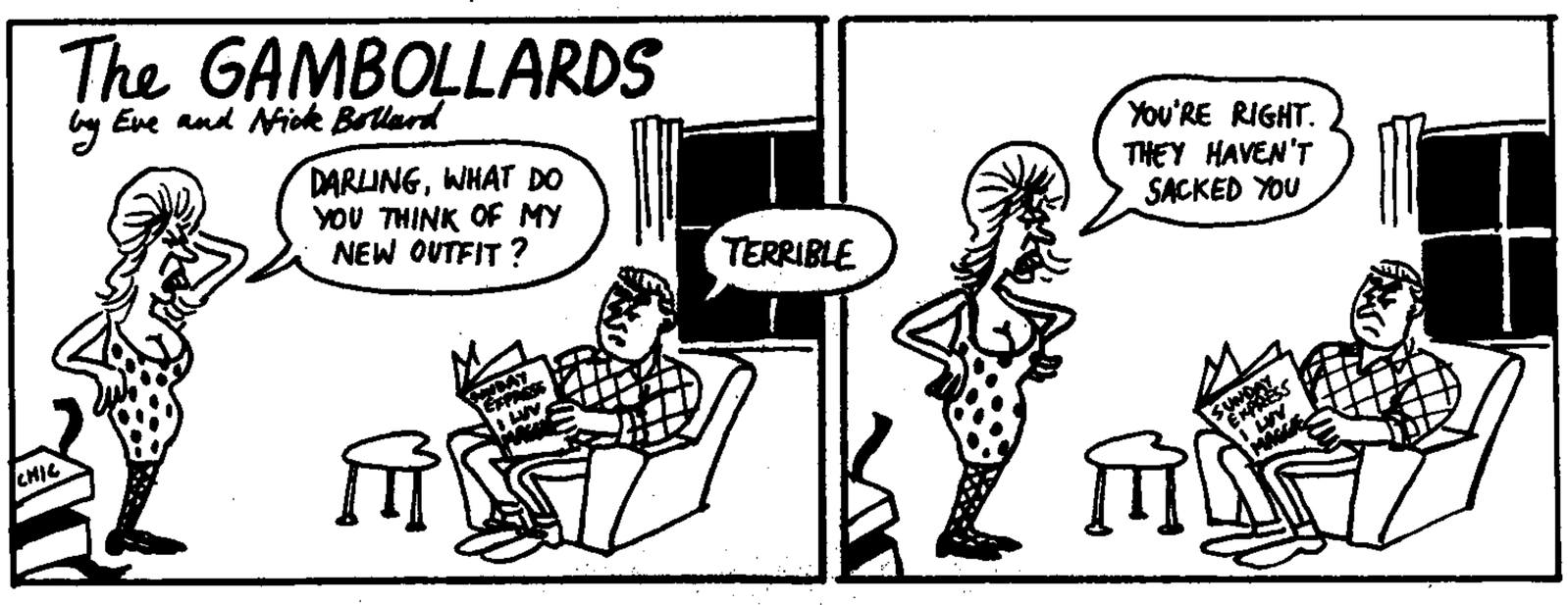
Further to K.R. Harrison's observation about the parentage of the latest Diet Coke television advertisement, I write with parentage details of the Dunlop man. Or rather the non-Dunlop man who is shown preening himself carefully in his boudoir before heading off for an exclusive party. This is an obvious rip-off from Woody Allen's TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN. *And half as funny.*

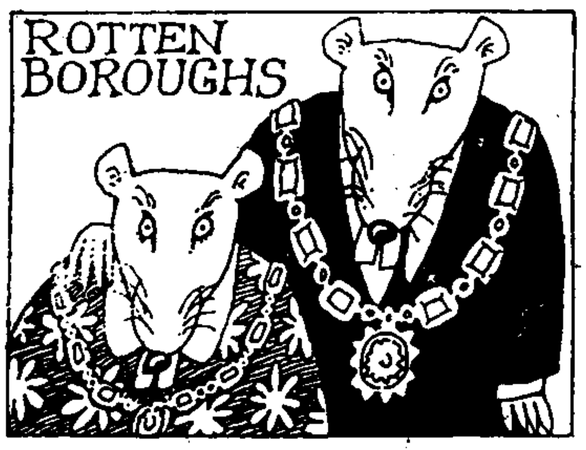
After re-watching THE BIG CHILL *by Lawrence Kasdan, I detected the source of the first Levi's 501 advert; the opening sequence shows a montage of a body being readied for a funeral to, what a coincidence, "I Heard It Through The Grapevine" by Marvin Gaye. Could they be related? Would BBH ever admit it?*

Yours faithfully,
K.M. LEUNG,

Worcester.

As seen in the Daily and Sunday Express!


The GAMBOLLARDS
by Eve and Nick Bollard
DARLING, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY NEW OUTFIT?
TERRIBLE
YOU'RE RIGHT. THEY HAVEN'T SACKED YOU
CHIC
SUNDAY EXPRESS I LUV MAGGIE



MURKEYSIDE

WHILE Alan Bleasedale says the Michael Murray character in *GBH* isn't Derek Hatton, Degsy himself thinks — or is it hopes? — the portrayal will wreck his forthcoming chances of a fair trial on conspiracy charges.

After a strong start, *GBH* now palls in comparison to real events and it suffers from not having *enough* politics in it. Bleasdale overdoes the "Freudianism" and a lot of true-life personalities are missing — where are the John Hamiltons and Tonys Byrne and Mulhearn?

Only a few names can be definitely identified from a cast of largely cardboard cutouts. Michael Palin's character is a distant relative of the corpulent figure of Jim Ferguson (born in "Nelson" Lancs), who represents Murkeyside on the national executive of the NUT. Victim of the "Judas" coin-chucking episode he certainly was, but Fergie has not seen the inside of a classroom for more than a decade and he intends to keep it that way. He hasn't much use for wardrobes either, never mind sleeping in them.

The Sparts have never forgiven Ferguson for taking them to court over the 31,000 taxi-delivered redundancy notices. They have just taken over the Liverpool NUT committee and hope to conclude their six-year vendetta against him by making him a classroom teacher once more.

Meanwhile the relationship between the Hatton figure and his chauffeur has a more hollow ring. Degsy was loved by the drivers because they earned massive overtime ferrying him around the country. "Take me to Bournemouth, Cyril," was his catchphrase. Poor old John "Mr Magoo" Hamilton (the "official" leader of the council) couldn't even get expenses for a second-class train ticket to London.

"Mervyn Sloan" is a lot more sophisticated than shambolic South African eccentric Ted Grant, *Militant*'s guru. Paul Daneman, who plays him, can be relieved that he doesn't have to carry lumps of gorgonzola cheese around in his trouser pockets wrapped in hankies.

And nor did Hatton's father die before Degsy was born, although he might have wished he had.

THE TOUGHEST political job in Britain isn't prime minister but leader of Liverpool City Council.

On national news and even in the *Grauniad*, the state of the scouse bins takes precedence over Britain's future in Europe, and council leader Harry Rimmer has said his job "is like having your arse rubbed with a brick".

The sackings in the council workforce and the privatising of refuse collection to a non-unionised firm are the price scouse scallies must pay for putting Kinnock in Downing Street.

A cry went out in the council chamber last week — "one of our wagons is missing!" — and it was later found vandalised. Onyx, the firm who've won the new rubbish contract, also empty bins for neighbouring Bogota Borough Council. They mount machine-guns on their Colombian wagons to deter hijackers, so presumably the same feature will be incorporated in Liverpool.

At the meeting where redundancies were finally approved, Labour deputy Alan "Dicksie" Dean suffered a heart attack and was taken out of the chamber on a stretcher wearing an oxygen mask. The incident brought to mind the case of the late Mike Carr (*Eye* 748), another opponent of Militant, who died a year ago shortly after being elected MP for Bootle.

Carr became ill at a meeting where he was barracked by Militant harpies. He was taken to Walton Hospital suffering a suspected heart attack. Two hours after arrival he was given the OK to go home, but died later that night.

It was presumed that the inquest into Carr's death would produce a straightforward "died of a heart attack" verdict. Yet the coroner stopped the inquest and announced that he was handing the papers over to Inspector Knacker for investigation. It also transpires that the 43-year-old Carr was in the process of providing a dossier to Murkeyside police at the time of his death.

BIRMINGHAM

MONEY-GRABBING Birmingham Labour councillor Stan Austin, council tenant par excellence, has lost top spot in the city councillors' expenses league. Following last year's winning bid of £11,062.14, housing chairman Austin has dropped to second place with a modest £11,056 handout.

Meanwhile chief executive Roger Taylor's henchmen in the housing department are more concerned with rooting out the *Eye's* moles than with tightening up on the abuse-ridden councillors' expenses system.

For while Austin receives bounteous remuneration for providing a *voluntary* service as housing chairman, he also manages to qualify for a massive rebate on his Brummie council house! A gratefully received copy of the council housing department's computer print-out shows that the rent for 59 Sumbergh Croft, Castle Vale, chez Austin, has been reduced from the original total of £34.29 to £15.80.

Normally, council tenants who earn more than £4,500 a year — paltry, even by Birmingham's impoverished standards — cannot qualify for rebates. But Austin's five-figure allowance can't officially be classed as "income" so he avoids with impunity the poverty trap ensnaring many of his hapless neighbours.

His place at the top of the expenses league has gone to recently retired Labour member Carole McKeown, whose unbeaten £16,175 was augmented sweetly with a regular 233-mile round trip to Birmingham town hall from her home in Aberdovy in deepest Wales. Yet McKeown has been unable to match her sudden riches with consummate humility for she recently told journalists: "This is the first year I have been paid anywhere near what I think a Birmingham city councillor is worth. We are like directors of a £1 billion-a-year firm... most of the time we are treated like dirt by this Tory Government."

McKeown seems to have forgotten that councillors are elected in the full knowledge that their position is unpaid and that officially they have no public duties, unless they happen to be mayor. But then, of course, if Birmingham's councillors were paid according to corporate performance £16,000 a year would look a touch generous.

WYCOMBE

THE little Englander spirit espoused by the Tories of Cheltenham has surfaced in sleepy Wycombe, Buckinghamshire, where the local council recently lost nearly half a million pounds from privatising its dustbin collection.

By a strange quirk of local psephology Tory-run Wycombe council contains one black councillor, *Labour* member Sebert Graham. But by an even stranger municipal coincidence Sebert Graham is the only councillor in Wycombe *not* to be selected to serve as a town hall representative on any of the 82 bodies to which the flaccid authority sends delegates.

Not that the opposition Labour group hasn't tried to widen Coun Graham's remit. At the authority's recent AGM, Labour asked for Graham to be sent as council nominee to bodies as diverse as the Roundhouse Youth Club, Wycombe Almshouses and the governing body of Hamilton County Combined School. He was refused in every case.

MANCHESTER

A NOTTINGHAM University report has revealed how Manchester ratepayers coughed up nearly £700,000 on an experimental town hall department set up to prove that the Greater Manchester Police force was failing to provide an adequate crime-fighting service.

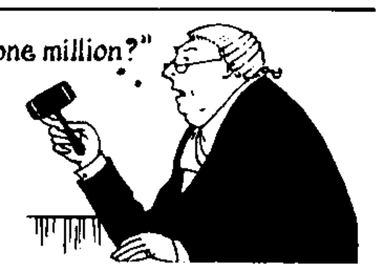
A similar view could have been gained from a quick straw poll of punters walking past council leader Graham Stringer's window at a thousandth of the cost; but back in the mid-80s a number of gullible Manchester councillors, led by beer-swilling NUR executive hack Tony McCardell, felt they could oust Anderton and topple their ultimate target — Thatch — by setting up a police monitoring unit in Manchester town hall.

In the event the councillors who ran the show didn't even have the guts to challenge their Labour colleagues on the official police authority who suspended deputy chief constable John Stalker on trumped up charges designed to remove him from his inquiry into police malpractices in Ulster.

But these days, things are beginning to turn sour for McCardell and Co. Having failed to pay his poll tax, McCardell and five fellow hardcases now look likely to have the money they owe deducted from their ever-generous town hall expenses. Tragically, at a recent council meeting those affected were barred from taking part in the debate on the ingenious grounds that they had a pecuniary interest on the outcome!

According to the Manchester Six "there could be legal problems over this decision — the council is taking on itself the role of the court". Perhaps McCardell will now put his mouth where his money is and enlist the bourgeois forces of British justice, not to mention Inspector Knacker, to win his right not to pay his poll tax.

LIBEL NEWS



FOLLOWING the report in the last *Eye* that all sorts of very important people have been subpoenaed to give evidence in the libel case brought by two former army officers against John Pilger and Central Television over their programme on Cambodia, there has been furious activity in the offices of the Treasury Solicitor.

On 25 June, a Mr R.A.D. Jackson from that office delivered a letter to the solicitors for Central TV (Mishcon de Reya) and an affidavit to the high court. The letter made it clear that the Government had "no intention to interfere with a fair and proper hearing of the issues in the present litigation" — yet it had a duty to "consider the public interest in relation to the disclosure of information falling within certain categories".

These "certain categories" included the issue by Central TV of five subpoenas calling on important people to give evidence in the libel case. The five issued with the writs are: Brigadier Delves and Lt Col Homes, respectively former and current head of the SAS; and three ministers: Mark Lennox-Boyd (Foreign Office); Archie Hamilton (defence); and William Waldegrave (formerly FO, now health).

The Treasury Solicitor insisted that none of these should give evidence; and indeed that all government information about serving British officers in Indochina should be restricted to a short answer from Archie Hamilton in the House of Commons in reply to a stooge question from Tory MP Tim Smith the same day as the letter and affidavit.

Hamilton's answer admitted for the first time (in spite of constant statements to the contrary) a damning allegation of Cambodia-watchers for some years: that the Government "provided training to the armed forces of the Cambodian non-communist resistance, that is the Khmer People's National Liberation armed forces and the Armée Nationale Sihanoukienne". Hamilton went on to say: "There has never been and will never be any British assistance or support, military or otherwise, for the Khmer Rouge."

This is interesting since Prince Sihanouk's army is infiltrated from top to bottom by the Khmer Rouge and his personal bodyguard is headed by Khmer Rouge. The mass murderer Pol Pot once said of Sihanouk: "He is the peel. We are the orange."

The Government clearly has no intention of expanding on its sudden admission. "It is accepted," says Mr Jackson's affidavit, "that this information, but no more, may be made public without damage to the public interest."

It is unlikely that Central TV (represented by Desmond Browne QC) will be satisfied with this and there is every prospect of a tough courtroom row between him and the lawyers for the Government, not to mention the QC for the plaintiffs, Sonia Sutcliffe's very own brief, Geoffrey Shaw.

DOWN ON THE FARM

with 'Old Muckspreader'

THE fun-loving statisticians at the Organisation for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD) have just worked out that the subsidy-dependent farmers of the industrial world receive 44 per cent of their income through cheap loans, price supports and direct payments. They say this "producer subsidy equivalent" was 17 per cent higher than in 1989.

As Old Muckspreader could have told them, for the 30th year running the European Community's CAP represents by far the biggest waste of resources on the planet. However, Japanese farmers are proportionately even more subsidised than the Eurowellies. Because Japanese constituency boundaries are frozen, the marginal value of a peasant farmer's vote in rural Shikoku is worth more to the politicians than a suburban family in Yokohama. Incredibly 60 per cent of Japanese farm income is now subsidy.

While the OECD echoes the toothless comments of all consumer lobbies that the CAP is the most monstrous folly ever enacted, no politician dares to act. As our courageous subsidy minister John Selwyn Gummer told the Tory Party conference: "This Government and this minister will never let British farming down."

THE Bruges Group has been winning acres of column inches devoted to the youthfulness and cheek of its leaders and its artless hostility to our Euro-destiny. But by my calculations the average age of the group's executive is not 22 but 52.

Nor has the group been subverting the Government — it has been backing it. Confused backbenchers may not have spotted this, but I can detect no chink of light between the limp words of Euro-dissent from Mr Major and the limp words of Euro-dissent from the They-Flew-To-Bruges crowd. Is it really true that they are tenants of the Farmers' Club too?

The Bruges Group does not have the tenacity to argue that the EC is the CAP and the CAP is the EC. It seeks only to ameliorate its squalor with a few reductions in the surpluses — all this while the EC's Court of Auditors describes the EC's accounts as a "criminal's ideal" and "a charter for crime by computer".

THE 20 PAGES of Euro-flannel on farming in the newly-issued *Conservative Party Campaign Guide* is disappointing. The normally scholarly and exacting Mr Alistair Cooke (not the radio one) was obviously exhausted.

The truth, however, is that the Conservative Party can do nothing. Mr Gummer is a plaything of the commission and the commission is not going to let upstart Britain get in the way of the future. The only comfort to be drawn from this Tory ammunition dump is that the Labour and Liberal Democrat teams are equally respectful of our masters in Brussels.

So we can all relax again: no politician chooses to criticise the EC's mountain ranges of nonsense apart from Teddy Taylor — and we know he's a nutter — and Enoch Powell, always too clever for his own good.

Sally Deedes

MOBILE phones, according to Norman Lamont in his last Budget speech, are a menace to society. What the chancellor might have added was that the binding and exorbitantly expensive contracts that come with them — drawn up by the "air-time providers" — can be extremely uncivilised too.

A case in point is that of Mr Philip Kerr, who in March 1989 bought a car telephone from H.L. Communications of Croydon on a 12-month contract that required 12 months' "notice to terminate" — in effect obliging Mr Kerr to pay for the telephone line for two years.

After three months Mr Kerr realised the car phone was for him a rather useless piece of equipment since he didn't receive enough calls to justify the steep monthly rental of £30. With a somewhat dented ego he sold it on to a friend who told the company of the transaction, asking it to draw up a new contract in a new name.

Three months later, the company still having not delivered a new contract, the telephone was stolen and the line cancelled. Mr Kerr found himself responsible under the contract for a non-existent line and phone "rather like renting out a room in your house that is then burnt down and you expect them to continue paying rent".

At the end of two years Mr Kerr and HL Communications met in court. The conditions of the contract which run to some 45 clauses (with sub-clauses) are printed in such Lilliputian bible text that the judge had difficulty deciphering the relevant points. Once deciphered, it appeared that the contract suited one party — HL Communications. Indeed, even the lawyer for the firm admitted in court that "the terms of the contract are harsh but we are seeking strict enforcement of the contract".

The judge could only agree; but added that they were the harshest terms he had ever seen and were almost draconian. But, since the law was the law, Mr Kerr had to pay up £466.00 (he was given six months off for good behaviour) and costs. In all he paid £611.00.

Cellnet and Racal Vodophone have divided up the "airways" between them, but it is the "service providers", the mobile phone retailers, who decide the length of time a contract should run — some run for as long as seven years. To avoid falling into the same trap as Mr Kerr, mobile phone users should consider insuring their phones against theft, breakage, etc, with a policy that covers them for the remaining period of their contract — or they can try to negotiate a buy-out of the remaining contract. And they should always read the smallprint before signing anything.

HUSBAND
It's a Kerouke night, you can sing along to the machine
Oh great!
Ere we go!.. Ere we go!.. .... Ere we go!
Er... you're supposed to sing along to the actual tune on the machine

Sporting Life

THE PAGEANT of Royal Ascot was greatly enhanced this year by the spectacle of assorted distressed City types, many of them down to their last quail's egg, lurking around the entrances to the enclosures and trying to beg alms from their old workmates and former racegoing chums. "Give a bloke a hand, Guv," they cried. "Spare us the price of a year's tax relief on our Lloyds underwriting losses."

Drippy little Lloyds man Andrew Bengough, son of the mighty Sir Piers, was sufficiently moved to cancel his annual luncheon for 150 close friends and fellow insurance punters. While this gesture of solidarity was undoubtedly appreciated, there were those who asked whether it went far enough. Abandoning one lunch and donating the caterer's wages to paying Charles and Jeremy's Victor Chandler bills for a week is hardly the same thing as organising a nationwide push to drum up those missing millions. So why not a racing-inspired and Bengough-managed Lloyds Aid? A uniquely Turf-orientated charitable initiative involving collecting boxes at the entrances to all the major racetracks in the Home Counties and the release of a catchy popular song with lyrics along the lines of "Feed the underwriter. Don't they know it's Ascot time?"

Naturally Andy's dad, looking more resplendently bone-headed than ever, was not interested in such tiresome subjects as economic ruin. He was determined that the principal issue of the 1991 royal meeting should be hats: who was wearing them and who was not. Which is how it came to pass that on the Friday afternoon those two bold and sartorial TV presenters Julian Wilson and Jimmy Lindley appeared talking directly to the camera in their grey toppers.

Alas poor Wislon. He'd been doing such a good, if bareheaded job, up until that point but how could he ever have explained to his senior management if Sir Piers had taken drastic action over his infringement of the dress code. Imagine the headlines: "Ascot cancels BBC contract over top hat row. John McCririck steps in." Unfortunately for Wislon his top hat looked slightly too big and was a little too low over his forehead — but not low enough to prevent those famous ears from flapping in the wind.

What Sir Piers, poor love, has still not cottoned on to is that just because a chap has a hat on his head doesn't necessarily mean that he's a proper chap underneath. Take Charles St George for example. He was wearing his topper. He was also dodging in and out of the chestnut trees and no doubt trying to avoid those past and present members of the weighing room whom he persuaded to invest in his Oakley Vaughan Lloyds underwriting syndicates.

And then what about Lord Gordie White? He wears a top hat. But what a lot of oohs and aahs there were when everybody discovered that 80 percent of his beloved racehorses, his pets and playthings, are actually owned by Hanson Trust. Which on the basis of the sets of accounts available so far appears to have given Hanson shareholders 80 percent of two losses worth £3½ million apiece. What an old rascal that Gordie is. Or what a clever fellow to have found a bunch of mugs to pick up 80 percent of the bill. "If I'd known Hanson were investing in bloodstock I'd have jolly well sunk my money into, well, Lloyds underwriting syndicates," thundered one shrewd City man over his picnic lobster and *filet de boeuf en croute*. At least now we all know what is meant when the hacks talk about the grave financial crisis facing racing.

'Major Bonkers'

Letters

Vulture Culture

Sir,

Although EYE *770 was its usual accurate self, there appear to be two mistakes in your Letters pages.*

Firstly the bird claiming relationship with Michael Heseltine is an Egyptian Vulture and not a Bald Eagle if the photo is to be believed.

Secondly, Colonel von Stauffenberg was shot by a backtracking fellow conspirator and not hanged with piano wire.

Finally, congratulations on "The Secret Diary of John Major" which is a worthy successor to Dear Bill.

Yours faithfully,
LEN MURLEY,

Swansea.

Count down

Sir,

Please could you explain how John Tower's alcohol problem could have caused his unfortunate death in an airplane crash (in which his daughter also died) since you claim in "Colour Section" of EYE *770 that he drank himself to death. I knew drinking and driving was dangerous, but REALLY!*

Also, sorry Mr Spiegl, but Count von Stauffenberg met his untimely end between a brick wall and a row of Gestapo with machine guns. It was his senior officers who actually survived long enough to get a trial, who suffered the piano wire treatment.

Yours faithfully,
R.M. DALLY,

Abingdon, Oxon.

Fail safe

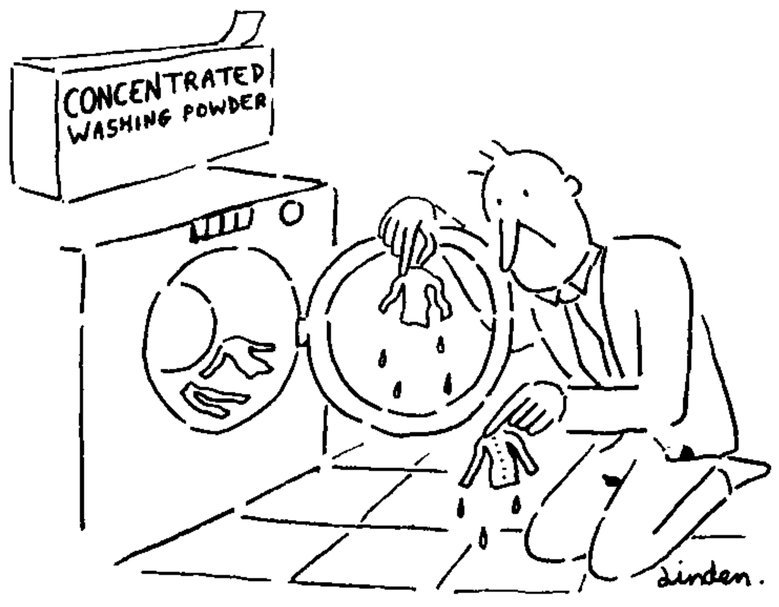
Sir,

In your last issue the Business News section devoted some two columns to the suggestion that Clark Kenneth Leventhal and Clark Whitehill were about to be sued in negligence by those unfortunate enough to have been defrauded by Nicholas Young. You also cite a QC's opinion as stating that these investors have a strong claim. That opinion was dated 7 February 1991.

We shall be refuting the claim, paragraph by paragraph, in our defence, if and when proceedings are served. However, your readers might like to know that we have a leading QC's opinion that the investors' claims against Clark Kenneth Leventhal and Clark Whitehill are ill-founded and should fail.

Yours faithfully,
J.H.F. GEMMELL
(Vice-chairman),

Clark Kenneth Leventhal, London EC4.



Fiction editor

Sir,

In my two years at BSB, I grew accustomed to that ardent Sky cheerleader Barry Fox and his inimitable accusatory style. That is why, when he wrote to my new partners in CPV-TV, falsely suggesting that I had betrayed my fiduciary duty as a BSB director, I sent him a solicitor's letter. Apart from being a lie, it was also clearly most damaging to someone in my position in the industry. I am surprised that you have seen fit to perpetuate that fiction. Since I value your readers' good opinions vastly more than his, let me at least put the record straight without the benefit of lawyers.

My wife and I were running a very successful and well-established independent production company when BSB approached me to become their director of programming. I said I would only take this job in what was such an obviously high risk venture, if they properly compensated the company for the loss of business that was likely to follow my leaving it. With the approval of its shareholders, BSB's chief executive proposed that rather than compensating the company, BSB should offer the company a programme commission. On those terms, I joined BSB on a three-year contract. It was a sensible and fair deal for both parties. BSB got the director of programming it wanted and the services of an excellent production company.

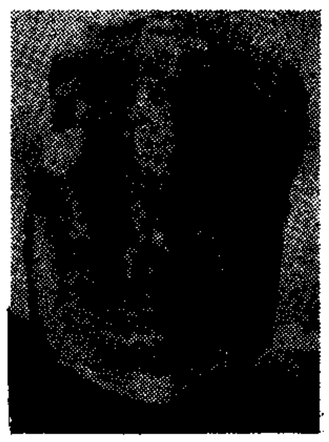
I do hope that you will print this letter so as to correct the wholly erroneous impression given in the article in "Media News" in your last issue.

Yours faithfully.
JOHN GAU,

John Gau Productions, London SW15.

Lookalike

"The Bishop"



Sir G. Howe

Sir,

While reading THE WORLD'S LAST MYSTERIES, *I was intrigued by this illustration described as "a silent witness to an unknown civilisation, established almost 2,000 years ago, whose disappearance baffles archaeologists". The South American statue is apparently known as The Bishop, but I detect a remarkable resemblance to Sir Geoffrey Howe. Could they by any chance be related?*

Yours faithfully,
ALYN W. ASHWORTH,

Croxteth Park, Liverpool.

Recouperate

Sir,

At a recent fete, held in the grounds of Oxford's John Radcliffe Hospital and not so very far from Headington Hill Hall, a number of lively young people in jeans and T-shirts were selling copies of THE EUROPEAN. *The inducement to buy? A free can of Lucozade with every copy.*

We are told that Lucozade Aids Recovery. Perhaps it is expected to work its magic on THE EUROPEAN*'s sales figures?*

Yours faithfully,
ALISON GOMM,

Newington, Oxon.

Wherefore Juliet?

Sir,

You were good enough to correct a previous story concerning myself when somebody had obviously provided you with some false information and I would be obliged if you would do it again.

I did not, as reported in the latest EYE, *"produce a dictionary" and tell Juliet Ashworth (Warman) or anyone else that an insulting and defamatory charge made against her in your organ was justified. Indeed we have not had any discussion on the matter which is nothing to do with me. In her new capacity as our Features Editor she has my full support.*

Yours faithfully,
CHRIS HUTCHINS,

Today, London E1.

Daft bitter

Sir,

Regarding the "Pukka" Rory Knight-Bruce of the EVENING STANDARD *taking a second job — celebrity barman at The Fox.*

The "Rustic Yokels" that you refer to, including a few Hons, Lords, Barts and an High Sheriff of London plus their ladies, enjoy being amused and served by such a literary gent — such a shame your hack was not able to savour such wit.

On Rothermere's salary, Knight Bruce always does his round and does not resort to writing titbits and filth for beer money!

I thoroughly enjoy your magazine but if the content gets much worse and your position looks dodgy you are MORE than welcome to come and have a go at "Amateur Celebrity Barman Night" held on Mondays in January and February!

Good luck and good hunting,
THE FOX,

Corscombe, Dorset.

For the birds

Sir,

*Somebody has been taking "Old Muckspreader" for a ride (*EYE *768).*

The reason why the West Sedgemoor Drainage Board hasn't offered a seat to the RSPB is that it simply has no powers to do so. And the reason for that is that it is elected by its ratepayers, who on two previous occasions in the 1970s chose not to avail themselves of the opportunity of electing a RSPB representative to the board.

Because of the importance of the RSPB's holding, the board offered it "Permanent Observer Status", which means that their local warden received all minutes, notices, etc, attends all meetings, and is to all intents and purposes a member of the board. Admittedly he does not have a vote, but as the board prefers compromise to confrontation this does not present any problems in practice.

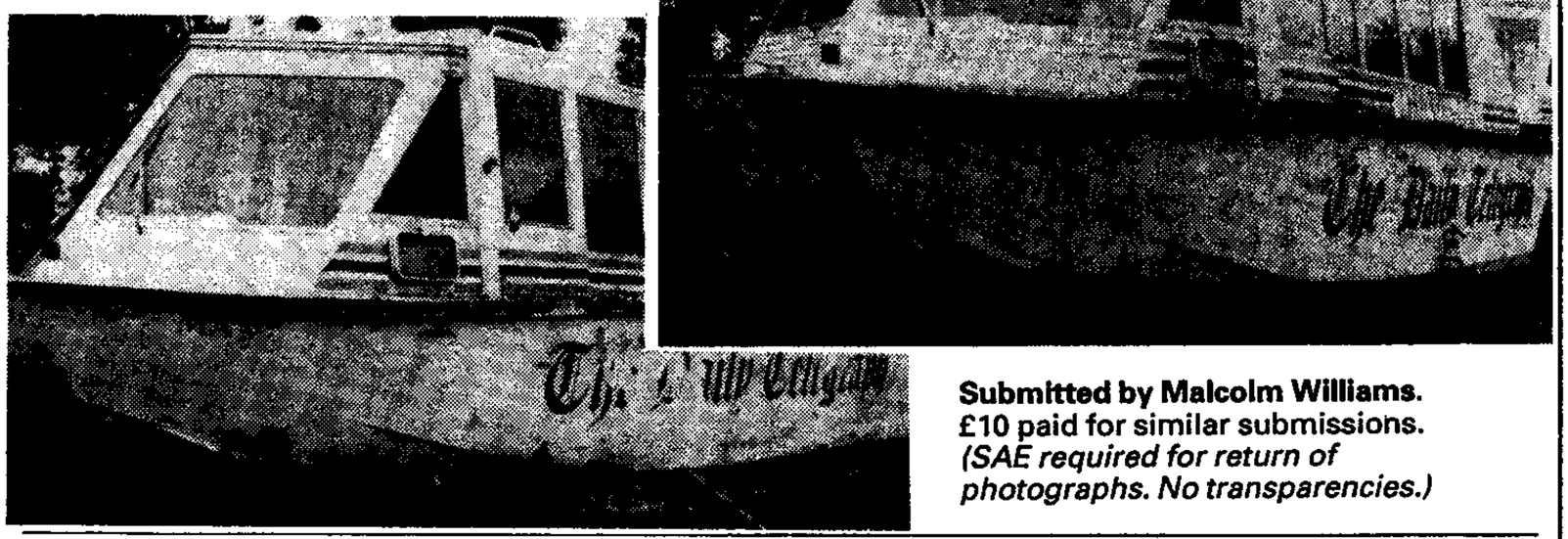
Incidentally that board is supposed to have "appointed members" to represent the interests of the non-agricultural sector. To date, in spite of numerous invitations, we are still waiting for the three district councils concerned to make their nominations!

Yours faithfully,
J.C.B. HUNT, Clerk to the Board,

West Sedgemoor District Drainage Board, Langport, Somerset.

I-SPY

The pride of the Telegraph fleet, Max and Perry, now washed up and rotting in a Norfolk field



Submitted by Malcolm Williams.
£10 paid for similar submissions.
(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)

Creep

Sir,

It was amusing to read the sanctimonious letter from Roger Cook (7 June) complaining about the "dubious deeds" of the makers of the DISPATCHES *programme.*

In the course of making a programme trashing World Wide Fund for Nature, the upright Mr Cook and his team visited one of our projects. Before doing so, it was agreed that at the conclusion of their visit, I should meet them for a debriefing session in order to minimise or avoid the usual misunderstandings, confusions and lies which can easily creep into such programmes. This meeting was to take place in a specific hotel on a specific date and at a specific time. I was there. I waited three hours for Mr Cook and his team, who never turned up.

Yours faithfully,
STEPHEN GARTLAN,

WWF Representative for Cameroon, Douala, Cameroon.

Mull it over

Sir,

Bookworm on Eddings (Eye 770) writes as a man grievously offended; but by what? That Eddings should write garbage, or that the sweaty masses should buy it? Or does Bookworm truly fear for the souls of the British? Remember: Eddings may sell a lot of copies, but the SUN *sells a damn sight more.*

It seems to this (two-eyed, and both open) Dungeonmaster that Bookworm has sadly lapsed into a fit of Juvenalistic spittle-spraying: cf, Satire XIII/65-69, to take just one quote out of context. I suggest that he leaf through Zelazny's LORD OF LIGHT, *or Niven/Pournelle's* INFERNO, *in both of which Hubbard's Ilk receive their just comeuppance. I'm sure he'll feel much better.*

Meanwhile, let us pray that Archer, Cartland, Collins et al continue to restrict themselves to secular matters.

False profits, eh? What?
Here's to the Borgias.

Yours faithfully,
LORD SWAGGERT OF ORKNEY.

You cannot be seeress

Sir,

I refer to Bookworm's review of THE SEERESS OF KELL *in Eye 770.*

Whilst the "Worm" is entitled to its opinions on the book's merits as a piece of literature, the character analysis (or should that be assassination?) of the book's readership is astounding.

Is the "Worm" an omniscient being or merely a sad case desperate to convince itself that it has some intellect worthy of note? I think we should be told!

Yours faithfully,
PAUL FULTON (An "emotionally and intellectually deprived" reader),

Norwich.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"Rajiv Gandhi was not the man his mother was the woman."
SIR ELDON GRIFFITHS, BBC Radio 4
(Derek Blakeley)

"It's a political hot potato round their necks..."
DR MARKS, Radio 4
(Derek Henry Green)

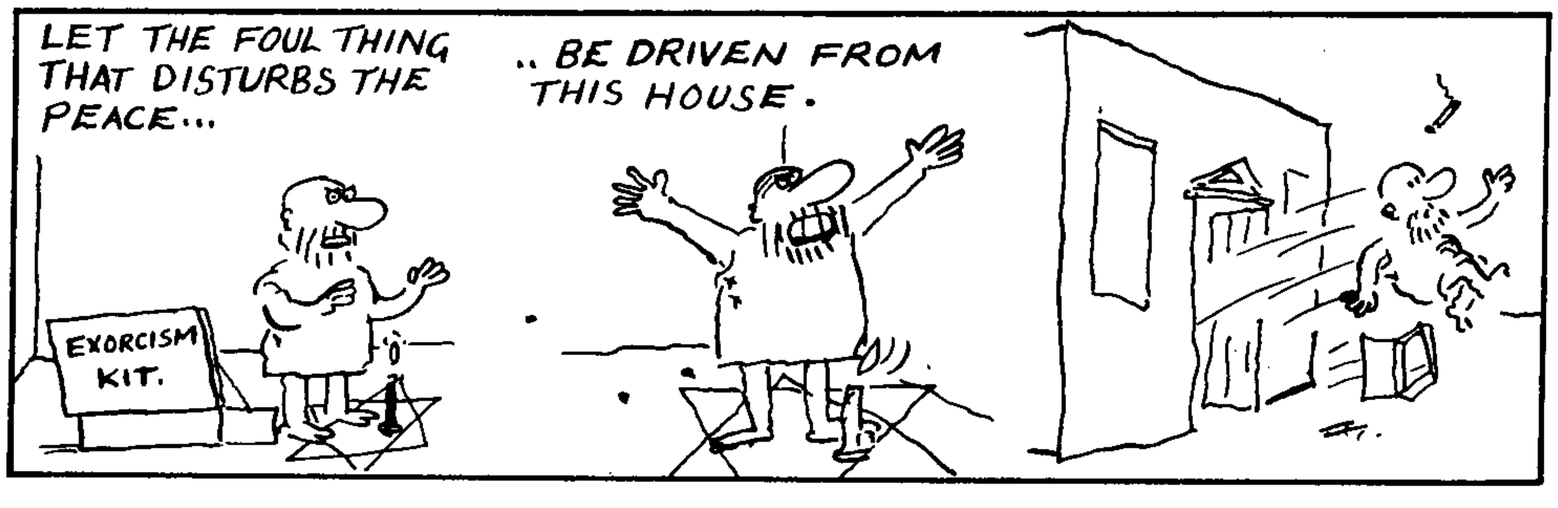
"Those memories of that final are now just memories."
JOHN VIRGO, BBC TV
(Michael Booth)

"Short of a major scandal, that band [Huey Lewis & The News] will continue to make records and entertain people for the next 25 years, as will this next artist, the late Jim Croce."
DAVE LEE TRAVIS, BBC
(T. Parker)

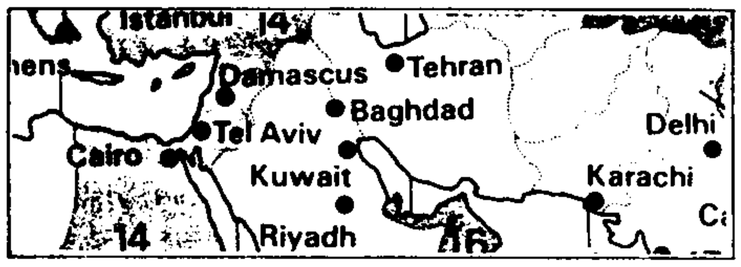
Phil Upton: *When are you 18?*
Caller: *Next Tuesday.*
Upton: *So that's your birthday?*
BRMB Radio
(Stephen Bond)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN



Letter From **Kuwait**



from Our Own Correspondent

QUESTION: Why will it take so long for Red Adair and his crew to put out the oil fires in Kuwait? ANSWER: Because British Aerospace subsidiary Royal Ordnance doesn't have enough suitably qualified manpower to clear the mines to allow fire fighters near the blazing wells.

As recently reported in the *Eye*, there has been a whiff of scandal surrounding the contract awarded to Royal Ordnance, via the Ministry of Defence, to clear the mines in Kuwait. First, British army sappers — on sappers' pay — have to map the danger areas for the disposal experts and their only compensation for such dangerous work is to have a life and limb insurance of half a million pounds, taken out in the name of the soldiers. While British sappers take the initial risks, Royal Ordnance derives the profit.

Kuwait has been divided into zones as the exploitation of the spoils of war continues: the Americans, French, British, Egyptians and Pakistanis all have contracts for work in mine and explosive clearance. The Americans went into it with such bombast that they have lost more than 40 men already. The French cocked their sector up and it looks as if the British will have to do the work all over again if the Kuwaitis are to avoid becoming a country of three-legged camels.

This means the Royal Ordnance three-month contract could last for years. But there are only about 80 suitably qualified personnel in this country and 300 or so are needed. The pay on offer is some £1,500 a week for a three-month contract with one month off. And in a moment of meanness RO has reduced the hardship allowance because it believes the facilities provided are of such high standard that they do not constitute hardship.

Aside from the lack of staff, another big problem is the Inland Revenue. Having secured the contract, Royal Ordnance did not take care of the taxman who wants his cut. The result was that the demolition boys went very cold on the contract when this was pointed out to them.

Matters were cleared up when two contractors, Clearways of Aberdeen and Moorfax from Surrey, found offshore subsidiaries to pay the men if they stayed out of the country for one year, which in effect means RO has subcontracted the work. But while negotiations continue, staff who could be in the Gulf helping with mine clearance are sitting around in the UK while Royal Ordnance dithers and the Kuwaitis get madder.

● AS THE number of "missing" Palestinians continues to rise, the Kuwaiti government seems determined to mislay many of its erstwhile supporters.

During the Iraqi occupation, the exiled administration promoted and generously funded a Free Kuwait Campaign. From offices in London's Porchester Terrace, the FKC launched a media blitz to convince the world that Kuwait was worth fighting for.

A team of volunteers, Britons as well as Kuwaiti exiles, worked alongside the expensive PR teams hired by the al Sabah family and successfully distributed hundreds of thousands of leaflets and other literature, as well as addressing meetings and lobbying politicians.

Given the FKC's success, it seemed logical to those most involved that a follow-up group should be set up to assist in building a more democratic post-occupation Kuwait. Details of the new organisation were announced in March, and all those involved in the FKC were told that they would be sent copies of the group's plans.

So far those people have been disappointed, for the FKC mailing list is in the hands of those sympathetic to Kuwait's seedy royal family. The existence of a group committed to democracy is therefore every bit as likely to occur as the total defeat of Saddam or a sudden bonanza for British construction workers. Still, at least the Foreign Office will be happy: the last thing we need are groups dedicated to the introduction of basic human rights in allied nations.

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE'S

TRUE STORIES

Illuminated by Bert Kitchen

THROUGH their expert's evidence, Tesco Stores Ltd said: "The foreign body found in Mrs Anne Varley's hot cross bun was not a nugget of ceiling plaster from one of our shops. Its constitution, and its country of origin, prove beyond all doubt that it is a fragment of Ancient Greece. A sliver of mortar, probably from one of the great classical sites of the Aegean Islands, where we are reliably informed, our fruit suppliers spread their currants out in the sun to dry."

DENYING that nepotism was "in the air", a spokesperson for the Association of Bradford on Avon Conservatives said there was not a shred of truth in the charge that their chairwoman, Mrs Marjorie Segar, had led the campaign for Mr Peter Payne's deselection in order to make her son a councillor.

"Peter was deselected because he did not attend enough jumble sales — and that is that."

The local Green Party candidate, Mrs Rhoda Wickerfly, said: "These people treat the election as if it were a raffle. They must be stopped."

SPEAKING of Mr Edward O'Leary's claim for injuries caused in a car crash, Judge Patrick Moran told the court that the plaintiff, a father of five who had not worked for seven years, was a man to be studied.

"The crash occurred in Brian Boru Street," said the judge, "and there were, apparently, four other men in the car, all of whom suffered from serious whiplash bruising and semi-permanent shock.

"But Claire Leavy, who was driving the other car, said that both cars were going very slowly indeed, and that there were no other men in Mr O'Leary's car.

"I note, too, that Mr O'Leary was awarded £17,000 against Burgerland for slipping on their lino in 1983; £4,500 in 1986 for a fall in the Square Deal Carpet Centre; £2,500 against Cork Corporation for tripping over a low wire — also in 1986, his second success against the Corporation, if we recall the £2,000 for a stair sprain in 1984; to these we must add £1,000 against Jury's Hotel for a fall; £10,000 for a road accident, also involving four other badly bruised men; £2,000 for a serious fall in the Adam & Eve restaurant, Cork; and a £4,250 Dublin fall in 1988.

He is also on £143 social welfare payments each week. I deny his claim."

It's over.

The Special Introductory Offer for *Wondergel* has ended. No longer is it $17.70.

From 1st April, *Wondergel* returns to $25.00.

But think. It's the painless solution to blackheads. Really works.

Worth every cent.

Available at over 600 retail outlets and leading pharmacies.

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PIERRE CHENXU NATURAL COSMETICS.
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Tel: 7479388 Fax: 065 7420878 Telex RS 50860 CHENXU

Advertisement, Sunday Times, Singapore

ADDRESSING the successful graduates of the Malawi Police College in Blantyre, Mr MacWilliam Lunguzi, the Head of State Security said:

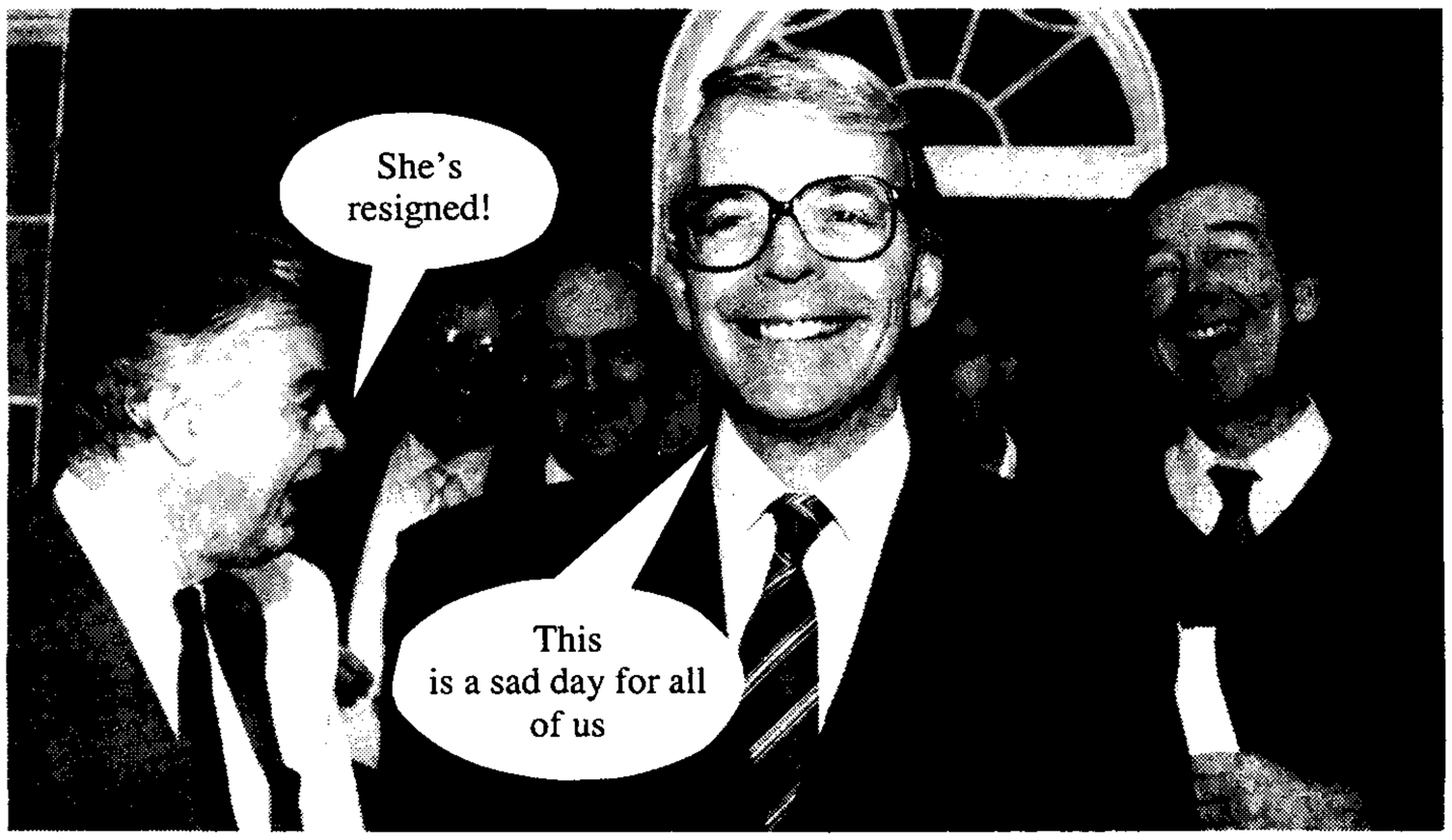
"We, the police, will deal severely with anyone who tries to test our organisation by indulging in crime. We have noticed that there is a tendency among city women to wear trousers indoors. This is against our laws. These testers who challenge the law in their bedrooms will be chased around those rooms, no matter how long it takes, and, when found, will suffer immediate arrest."

Mr Lunguzi's speech was greeted with cheers.

FOUND GUILTY of biting the arm of the off-duty policewoman who arrested him for stealing a skirt, Mr David Chatten (19) said: "I thought I was biting my own arm — which I do from time to time to calm myself down."

INFORMATION: Isle of Wight County Press 22.3.91; West Wiltshire Advertiser 11.4.91; Glasgow Evening Times 10.4.91; Irish Independent 2.5.91; Malawi Daily Times 29.4.91; Bournemouth Evening Echo 20.11.90.

MONITORS: R.T. Greenwood, Nigel Watson, Ian Eccleston, G. Cassidy, A.K. Muzu, Graham Ford.



Tax and the Royal Family

(Continued from Page One) the Prince Consort. In the same year Mr Gladstone introduced a Bill which was narrowly defeated which put forward a compromise in which Queen Victoria's immediate family would automatically be subject to collateral evaluation of capital assets but the Queen herself would remain exempt with the exception of a Fiscal Levy on property and acquisitions which would not include art treasures inherited by her forebears or gifts of a similar nature from foreign potentates many of which had accumulated as a result of her long reign and her frequent visits to India during one of which she received a gift of emeralds from the Maharajah of Kashoo which historians now believe would have fallen under the provisions of the later Bill had those been accepted by *(Cont. page 94)*

66 CHESTER SQUARE

LONDON SW1

Dear Bill,

As you may have gathered from the blatts, I was "away on business" when the little woman announced her shock decision to leave the back benches and finally join me in the Peerage. So, to tell the truth, I'm not 100 per cent au fait with what led up to it.

I think the seeds were probably sown during our highly profitable trip to the US of A. The night before her big Chicago speech, I found myself sitting at dinner next to a Mr Jason Hammerhead Jr, Vice President of Hammerhead International Communications. Possibly I was rather over-egging the nog on the subject of the Boy Mark and his ill-fated efforts to raise the wind on the Boss's Memoirs, her hopping rage at our blue-rinsed sailor's beating her to the post by having his life-story serialised in *Hello!* (Daphne's favourite magazine, isn't it?) when Shazam, Herr Hammerhead gripped me by the back of the neck, slapped a contract on the table, spirited a large old-fashioned fountain pen out of thin air, and drew my unsuspecting hand over the dotted line marked signature.

M's big barnstorming speech went down like the proverbial cup of c.s. with the Yanks, to whom the name Jacques Delors conjured up only some dim memory of a dirty French film star in the twenties, and she got back to the Abraham Lincoln Suite of the Mobil Park Lane Hotel in downtown Chicago not in the best of moods. During the flight to New York I mentioned the enthusiasm of Mr Hammerhead, and on our arrival in Manhattan she rather reluctantly agreed to take the seventy-five storey lift ascent to his apartment in the Lloyd Webber Tower. Here, behind a huge desk, the walls adorned with photographs of Reagan, Marilyn Monroe and that mafia singer with the hairpiece who, it now transpires, would you believe it, was the emaciated spouse's bit on the side, sat Jason H., dangling a set of solid silver worry beads and talking very big indeed.
Performers, he argued, showing his fine white teeth, had to be seen to be performing. What did she think she was doing in Chicago?
Margaret began to answer this, but he cut her short. "Conciliatory my ass," he growled, leaping from his desk and striding about the room in highly-sprung gym shoes. "We are talking megabucks, baby." I saw Margaret was not taking this very well, but the delicately-stubbled Mr Hammerhead remained oblivious to her mien. "High Profile. Combative. Bette Davis. Zsa Zsa Gabor. Trouble!"

"Mr Hammerhead," the Boss intervened, rapping her fingers on the ivory desk."You do not appreciate my position as a backbencher…"

"Don't give me that backbencher crap," cried our American friend. "We're looking at world rights. It could be six million bucks up front. You're a big international figure now, Lady Thatcher. You don't want to be hanging around in your House of Parliament like that red-faced has-been Heath."

At the mention of our seafaring friend, the Boss's expression changed and she agreed to give careful consideration to Mr Hammerhead's views and to be in touch.

On our return to our new £100,000-a-year lease here in Chester Square, I could tell that M. was increasingly irritated by the calls waiting on our telephone answering machine urging her to exercise restraint and clemency for the sake of party unity, and asking her to various out-of-town social events on the day of the big Euro-debate. I was not surprised when on the day in question she went down to Halitosis Hall and delivered a vicious attack on Major, pledging her full support for his policies. The following day, when Major flew off to his latest Euro-junket, she rang up the Press Association, summoned all the reptiles round to the doorstep, and announced that she was giving up the back benches in order to speak her mind on a whole range of international issues. Late that night I was shaken awake by the telephone ringing on my bedside table, and I overheard a gravelly American voice congratulating her on her coverage. "Thank you, Mr Hammerhead, you are so kind," she soothed, "though I assure you headline-grabbing as you put it was never in my mind. Yes, I'll fax you a specimen chapter on Monday."

If you and the Major could turn up at Fortress Dulwich some time after dusk on Friday I think we should be able to get the remainder of the booze out of the air-conditioned store and safely away to the Major's friend's garage. Until that time of night there's always the danger that Maurice or the other estate agent Mr Goldsack will ring up at short notice to bring some prospective purchaser round to wonder at the oaken fitted kitchen and en suite Master Bathroom. To date there have not been many punters. The first was quite a hopeful geezer from Idaho, keen fan of the Boss, who wanted to dismantle it brick by brick and reassemble it somewhere over there in a Theme Park. Then there was a shifty-looking Arab johnny, sent round by the Al-Fayeds, with a bevy of women in nose-pieces, but the Boss vetoed them on the grounds of their insanitary habits. After that I had to wait in all morning for a Mr Odinga, a huge Coon in a Rolls Royce, who seemed quite promising, but then I noticed when he blew his nose the boot polish came off on his hankie, and sod me if it wasn't some lager lout from the Sun, with a sidekick dressed in a fez and stick-on moustache, who asked to go to the lav. I caught the little monkey with lots of those white umbrellas up, taking photos of Margaret's Whirlpool Bidet.

Yours borne away on the ever-rolling stream,

Denis

NEASDEN FC – KNEE TAKES CONTROL

THE soccer world breathed a sigh of relief yesterday when the consortium headed by manager Ron Knee finally took over the reins of troubled North London club Neasden FC.

For months a backroom battle has raged for the controlling interest of the club after it had declared a massive deficit of £310.33 in the financial year 1989-90.

The blame was laid squarely at the feet of chairman Brigadier Buffy Cohen, who, it is claimed, hopelessly mismanaged the club's affairs to the point of trying to sell key player Baldy "Pezza" Pevsner to the Italian club Loozio.

Net Loss

At this point the club was prey to a number of hostile bids, including that of the Czech-born proprietor of the *Neasden Mirror*, the *Raynes Park Herald* and the *Dollis Hill European*, Mr Billy Bunter. This however was unpopular with fans (Sid & Doris Bonkers), who said:

"Doris's brother Norris used to work for him in the print room and Bunter sacked him. He's a fat bastard."

The players too were unhappy about the prospect of a Bunter takeover. Said netminder Wally Foot:

"Every club he gets involved with gets relegated. We can do that without his help."

Local Derby

But last night there was universal praise for Knee's successful bid, which has forced Bunter to withdraw, leaving the tight-lipped, ashen-faced supremo, 57, with a controlling interest in Neasden FC. His consortium includes:

by **E.I. Erewego**, Our Man In The All-Seater Stadium With the Spaghetti-Carbonara-Flavoured Crisps And The Can Of Rudy Valley Californian Chardonnay-Style Drink

- **Mags-to-video magnate Monty Gerhardie, 63.**
- **Curry-to-takeaway tycoon Vijay Patel, 48, and his brother Vijay, 47. (*Authentic South Indian cuisine,* fresh from the microwave, 24-hour service.)**
- **Macs-to-gloves salesman Mr Trimfitter, of Millets in Tesco Road.**
- **Time-to-go-Gentlemen caller Norman Balloon, landlord of the Boston Arms.**

At a party celebrating their success, a clearly delighted Knee said from underneath the boardroom table:

"Thish ish a new dawn for Neasden. The future ish assured. Relegation ish oursh."

Kevin Bunter is 22.

LATE SCORE

The Timberland Invitation Tour Challenge Trophy (second leg in Vanu Atu)

Easter Island Statues 6
Neasden 0
(Pevsner [o.g.] 6)

'Lady T' flies back to face the music

One of the most successful confidence tricksters of modern times flew back to London last night to face a gruelling interrogation from David Frost on the extraordinary years when she was the toast of London's fashionable right-wing lunatics.

With her forceful personality and ever-ready smile for the cameras, "Lady T" took everybody in for years with her story that she would make them all rich.

It was a hollow lie. And today she returned a broken woman, whose fantasy world had been shattered forever. *(Full story, p. 94)*

Prospectus

National WaterPower Monopoly Ltd

(continued from p. 94)

after which the shares will be sold to the public at a fair market price, ensuring a more efficient and competitive waterpower industry. At this stage it is envisaged that the salary of the Chairman should be commensurate with reassuring the customers that the company is being run in a responsible fashion with the aim of providing a public service.

Second Year

This is where the fun begins. By the time we have sold off all the surplus assets and made most of the workforce redundant, it will be necessary to adjust the company's pricing structure in order to secure a more realistic return on revenue (i.e. huge profits). At this point it is envisaged that a performance bonus package should come into operation, necessitating an annual salary increase of not less than 2,000 per cent or £558,000, whichever shall be the larger, to bring my salary into line with that chap from British Gas who got another £40,000 a week the other day.

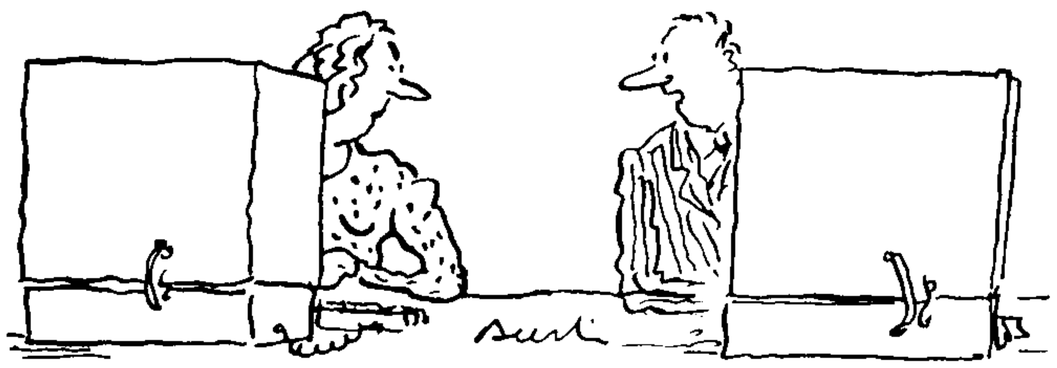
SIR DAVID SWITCHCARD-SMYTHE
Chairman

This supplementary prospectus has been approved by Messrs Coopers, Marmalade, Gussett & Co, Chartered Accountants, to prove that it was planned all along to give the Chairman a bigger slice of the action.

Yes! It's Question Time Rhyming Slang!

Peter Sissons	**Never listens**
Brian Lapping	**No one's clapping**
Sir Robin Day	**Better in his day**
Topical forum	**How to bore 'em**
On my right	**Drones on all night**
On my left	**Sense bereft**
Liberal Democrat	**Old hat**
Woman, token	**She's hardly spoken**
First-class debate	**Not of late**
Questions from floor	**Snore**
Gentleman at the back	**Viewers hit sack**
Lady in red	**Time for bed**

(I'm sorry, that's all we've got time for. Ed.)



"My computer doesn't understand me"

TOP TEN BORES

This Week		Last Week	Weeks on List
1	Julian Critchley	10	379
2	Paul McCartney	7	77
3	Geoffrey Boycott	–	–
4	Christopher Chope MP	–	–
5	Sylvia Plath	9	2,374
6	Professor Norman Stone	7	29
7	Cher	3	139
8	Sir Leon Brittan	–	–
9	Lord St John Stevas of Fawsley	2	332
10	"Call" Nick Ross	8	22

MONDAY 9 SEPTEMBER 7.30pm
Mendelssohn. Overture 'The Hebrides' (Fingal's Cave)
Beethoven. Symphony No 4 in B flat major
Reger. Variations & Fugue on a Theme of Hitler
Dresden Staatskapelle
Sir Colin Davis. Conductor
Tickets: £18.00 £14.50 £11.50 £8.00 £3.50
Available from RAH Ticket Shop

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DAILY TELEGRAPH

A case of hardship

SIR—May I draw your attention to a recent distressing episode which has resulted in considerable financial hardship for a number of public-spirited individuals living down here in the West Country?

The incident in question concerned the recent Grand Raffle organised in aid of the fund to repair the organ of St Vitus's Church, Kington St Miles, Dorset. This raffle, held in conjunction with the annual village fete, was masterminded, if one may use such a term, by our incumbent, Rev. Purvis. For several weeks before the fete was due to take place, posters were plastered all over the surrounding countryside proclaiming that a host of "Fabulous Prizes" (I quote) would be guaranteed in return for a modest outlay on the purchase of a ticket. The prizes thus advertised to attract the unwary punter were as follows:

1. Free weekend for two in the De Savary Manor Country House hotel.

2. A trip in a hot-air balloon over the Avon countryside (subject to weather).

3. Canteen of cutlery (one fork missing), each piece engraved with the crest of the De Savary Trust House Leisure Group (UK) Ltd.

4. 1 bottle Bulgarian Sherry.

5. A Cherry and Walnut Gateau, donated by Mrs J. Biddulph.

6. A copy of *Around The World In Eighty Days*, signed by the author Mr Michael Palin.

7. 1 potted plant (possibly Geranium) from the greenhouse of Mr J. Biddulph.

8. 1 set of "humorous" car stickers, including MY OTHER DOG'S A ROTTWEILER, TOOT IF YOU WANT IT TONIGHT and YOUNG FARMERS DO IT IN THE SHEEP DIP.

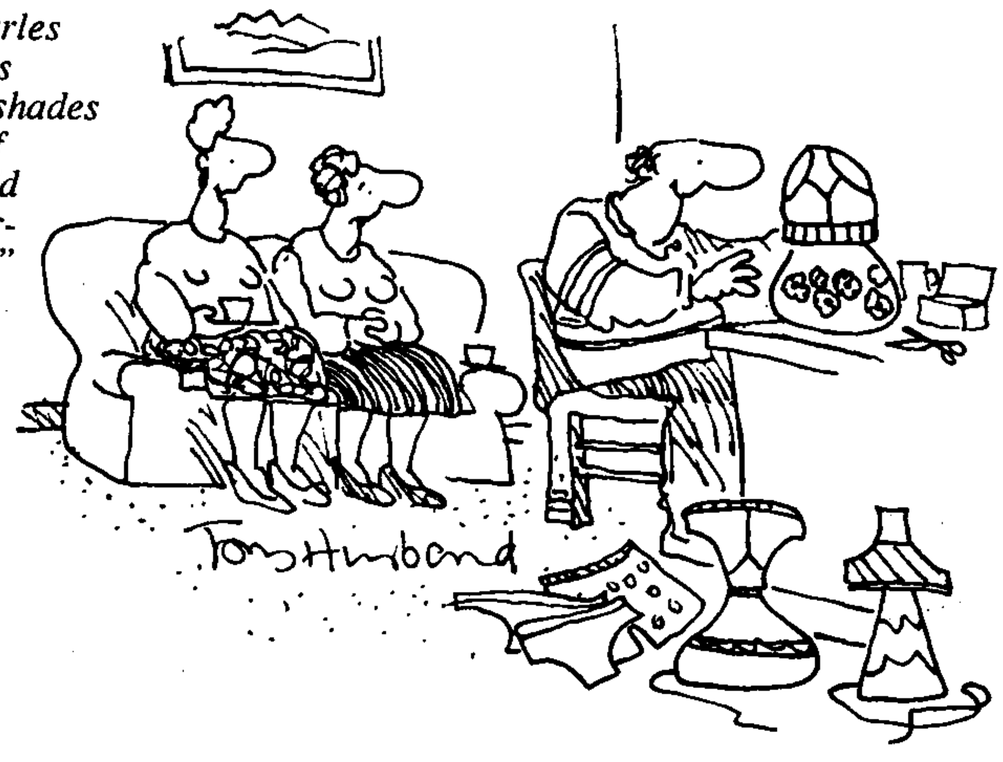
Drawn by the lure of this prospectus, a group of local "names" decided to pledge a very considerable sum from their personal savings, in the confident assurance that at least some, if not all, of these prizes would be theirs. The "names" in question numbered some of the most respected figures in the district, including Lt. Col. Frobisher, Mrs Frobisher, Sir Herbert Gussett, and the distinguished proprietor of the Lamb & Flag public house, Mr Montague Balon.

As you may imagine, when the great day of the Grand Draw (to be performed by the celebrated TV personality Mr William "Willie" Rushton) drew near, excitement was running high. Picture, therefore, the sense of shock and betrayal which we all experienced when as the numbers of the winning tickets were read out it became apparent that our particular group of investors had not qualified for a single prize. In other words, we had lost every penny of the very considerable sum which we had invested.

Of course we accept that the conduct of the draw was entirely bona fide, and we do not wish in any way to complain that we have lost all our money in this appalling way.

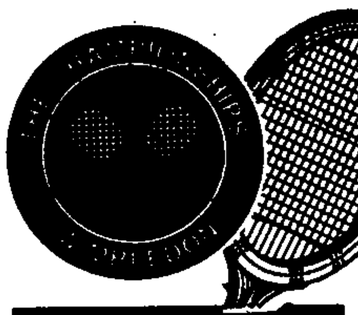
Our concern is with the future of that grand British institution, the village fete. Our fear is that, in the light of the terrible experience which we have gone through, when next year comes round no one will be found to support a cherished part of our island fabric. We therefore suggest that, in these exceptional circumstances, the Government should intervene to "soften the blow" for those many investors, who must otherwise face very considerable hardship. This could easily be done, we suggest, if in his next Budget Mr Lamont was to find some way to reimburse us to the full extent of our losses.

SIR H. GUSSETT
Dunlutine
Lloyds-Under-Writer
Wilts



"Charles makes lampshades out of his old underpants"

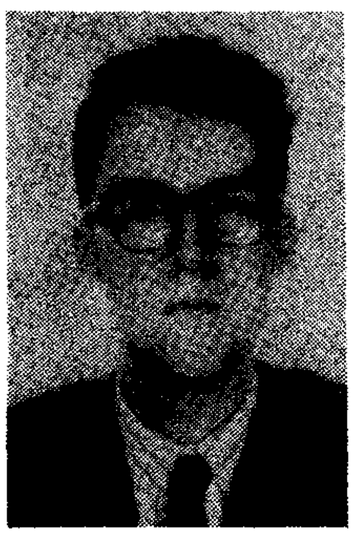
Six to watch



Palimona Legova, 64. Still a formidable grass court player, Legova is now richer than ever *(shurely 'fitter'? Ed)* after her recent victory in the American courts *(shurely 'Eastbourne Luftwaffe Lager Challenge Cup'? Ed)*. Legova should be able to handle the younger talent if she's very lucky.

Lolli Lolita, 12. Youngest of the current Ecuadorian hopefuls, Lolli is equally at home on grass and clay and now ranks 13th in the Cor-Look-At-Her-Knickers League sponsored by the *Sun* newspaper.

Reeli Agastli, 24. This year's "bad boy", Agastli has won a number of major endorsements this year, including the prestigious "Volley" Hair Gel 'n' Dye range and the highly coveted Durex "Forehand Smash" condom products. Hotly tipped for a *News of the World* "Agastli is the father of my love-child" exclusive.



Stephan Carlsberg, 23. What more is there to say about this amazing Swede? Nothing.

Sir Ranulph Twistleton-Thistledown - Fiennes, 58. Sir Ranulph is Britain's best-known polar explorer, as well as our strongest hope for this year's championship. Although unseeded and more at home on snow than grass, Sir Ranulph is confident about his chances. He feels that despite a severe case of frostbite in both feet and never having played tennis before he can't do worse than his fellow British contestants.

Cavaliera Rusticana, 38. Wimbledon's nearly champion. Always a favourite with the crowds, Miss Rusticana this year partners Pagliacci in the mixed doubles, which should provide some of the best tennis in the outer courts. Unfortunately you won't see any of her games because she's got terrible legs and they'll be showing Lolli Lolita non-stop.

(That's enough Ones To Watch. Ed.)

Gnome men win top awards

Six *Daily Gnome* journalists won top awards in this year's International Grand Press Awards ceremony, held at the Hotel Superbo in Jersey last night.

Mr Lunchtime O'Booze was highly commended in the Very Serious Investigative Journalist category, which was won by Mr John Pilger.

Miss Glenda Slagg was mentioned by judge Roy Hattersley in his speech.

Mr David Spart was nearly mentioned in the category of Columnist of the Year, which went to Mr Peter Jenkins of the *Independent*.

Mr E.I. Addio could easily have been the winner of Sportswriter of the Year, but unfortunately he was not.

"Well, yes, I suppose it is quite interesting, JB, but I'm afraid it's just not my cup of tea"

The British Working Man — An Apology

For many years this paper, in common with all others, has described the average British worker as an idle workshy loafer who put in fewer hours than anyone else in Europe, whereas his German counterpart was tirelessly industrious and committed to working 25 hours a day to produce his country's economic miracle.

Headlines such as JOHN BULL TAKES A TEA-BREAK WHILE FRITZ FORGES AHEAD and UK SHIRKERS AT BOTTOM OF EURO-LEAGUE AS JERRY WORKS ROUND THE CLOCK may have given the impression that the relative economic performance of the two countries was in some way connected to the reluctance of the British workforce to put in sufficient hours in their place of work.

We now accept, following a recent EEC survey, that there was not a jot or scintilla of truth in these very grave and damaging libels against the British working man. We are now happy to accept unreservedly the findings of the EEC survey that British workers put in more hours than anyone else in the world, while their German counterparts spend most of their time on holiday, prepared to rise at 3 o'clock in the morning to grab the sun-loungers by putting towels on them.

The fact that, during the three minutes a day the German worker spends in the factory, his output is still 25 times greater than that of the British worker is entirely irrelevant to this apology.

POETRY CORNER

Lines On The Passing From Our Screens Of Sir Alistair Burnet O.M.

So. Bong!
Farewell then. Bong!
Sir Alistair Brunette. Bong!

Newscaster extraordinary.
Friend of Royalty.
Well-loved
National Institution.

"After the break — How
Freddy
The parrot tried to get a
Mortgage."

That was your catchphrase.
Bong! Ask not for whom
The bell bongs.
It bongs for
You.

I.T.N. Thribb (17½)
(with apologies to Ernest Hemingway)

Great Bores Of Today.

"...I can't understand it this is the real English summer and it's hardly a surprise you'd think they would have got the message by now it's so obvious in America they have them everywhere you know domes and at the first drop of rain this sheet of lightweight perspex I suppose it is comes over like the hood of a car of course it's air-conditioned otherwise everyone would suffocate all Wimbledon have got now are these antiquated covers and you see the players slipping and sliding all over the place they're obviously useless the argument is that it would ruin the atmosphere but that's rubbish there can't be any atmosphere if no one's playing they're living in the past just because last year was hot they've forgotten what a really wet June is like it's not as though they haven't got the money they're the richest club in the world and if it rains you don't even get your money back these friends of mine spent £100 and it was cash down the drain literally now if they'd had a dome it would have been different they've got them in Japan have you seen them?..."

WANK ASSOCIATES, INC.

Dear Editor:

Enclosed is a story about a major systems integrator, Grumman Data Systems, expanding into international markets.

We can supply more information if required.

Is this of interest?

Sincerely,

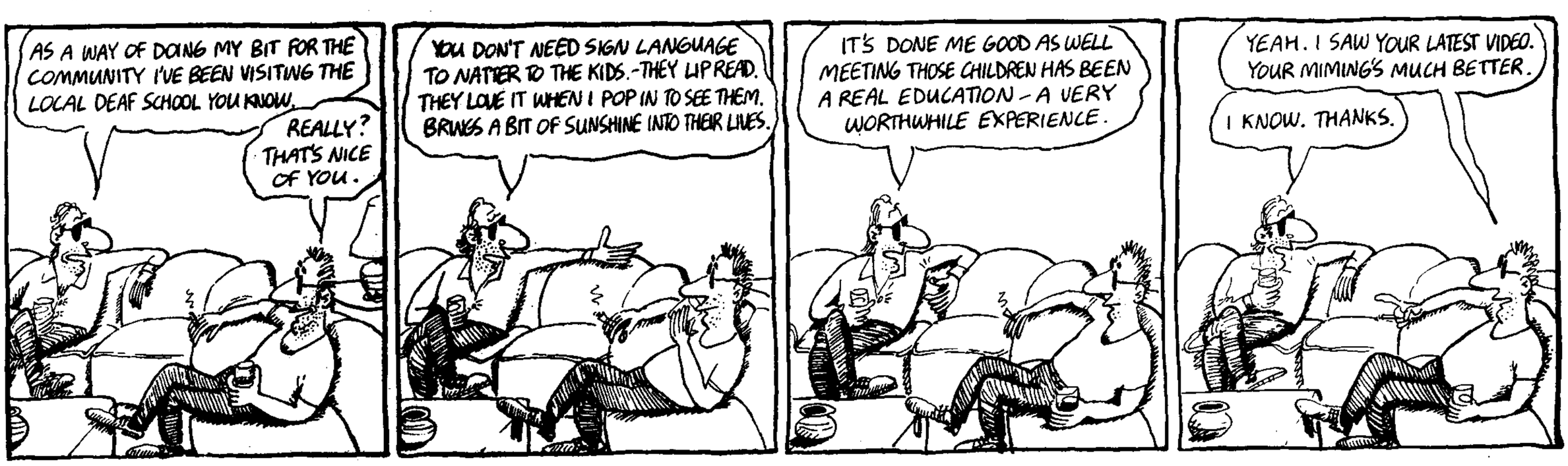
Martin Wank

MW/emg
Encls.
GDS-2034-1F

Member, Counselors Academy, Public Relations Society of America

Celeb

LIGGER


AS A WAY OF DOING MY BIT FOR THE COMMUNITY I'VE BEEN VISITING THE LOCAL DEAF SCHOOL YOU KNOW.
REALLY? THAT'S NICE OF YOU.
YOU DON'T NEED SIGN LANGUAGE TO NATTER TO THE KIDS.-THEY LIP READ. THEY LOVE IT WHEN I POP IN TO SEE THEM. BRINGS A BIT OF SUNSHINE INTO THEIR LIVES.
IT'S DONE ME GOOD AS WELL MEETING THOSE CHILDREN HAS BEEN A REAL EDUCATION - A VERY WORTHWHILE EXPERIENCE.
YEAH. I SAW YOUR LATEST VIDEO. YOUR MIMING'S MUCH BETTER.
I KNOW. THANKS.

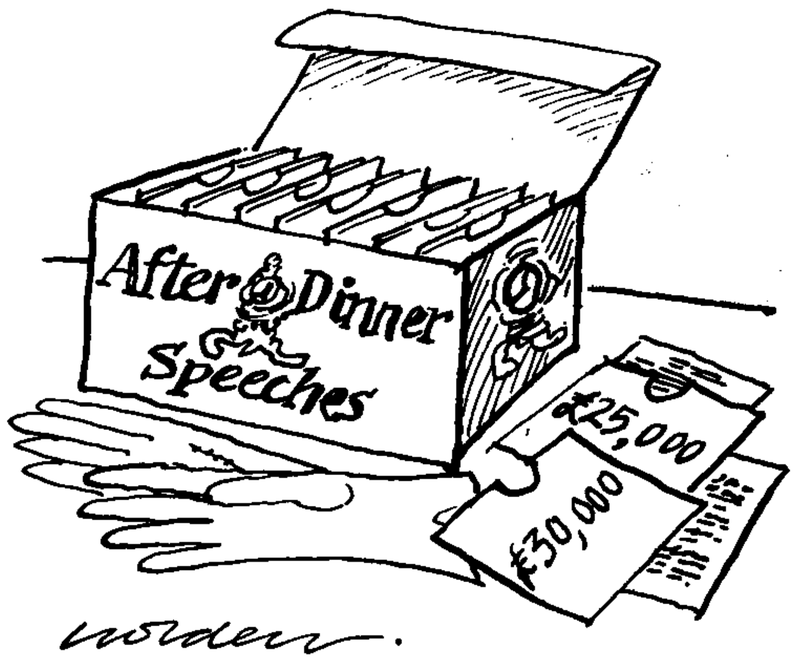
The Secret Diary of John Major aged 47¾

Monday

My wife Norman is most pleased. She has been invited to go to the opera to see *Tosca*, which is an opera. I asked her what it was about, and she said that it was a very sad story of a poor woman who ended up jumping out a window to her death. Oh yes, I said, I can think of at least one woman who should take this option. Mr O'Donnell tells me that Mrs Thatcher is going to make one of her speeches, but she has promised that she will not rock the boat by saying how bad I am as a prime minister. I think I am beginning to get her under control, and that she will toe the line from now on.

Tuesday

I have read Mrs Thatcher's speech to the New Dworkin Prayer Breakfast Investment Club very carefully, and I was very very pleased to see she said that I was doing a "very good job" as Prime Minister. It was perhaps a pity, however, that she added "apart from the fact that he is totally wrong about Europe". What I would like to know is how I could be wrong about Europe, when I haven't even made up my mind yet about what I am going to do! I am beginning to think that the Americans are rather wasting their money on giving her £30,000 to make all these



after-dinner speeches. They could do much better to get my friend Jeffrey Archer to do it. He will do it for nothing, so long as he can bring along some of his books to sign.

Wednesday

I was very pleased to see this morning that Mr Heath has come out very strongly on my side in the great debate. I will admit that in the past he was wrong to criticise Mrs Thatcher. But, as I told my friend Chris, I now realise that Mr Heath is only doing his duty by speaking out on the most important issue confronting this country today. "You mean, how to shut Mrs Thatcher up," said Chris. "No," I said very firmly, "I mean closer European union. This is no way a debate about personalities at all." "Though I must admit," I went on "that I was considerably struck by Mr Heath's reference to Mrs Thatcher's brain being 'minute'. Many people might think this was rude, but I am of the opinion that if you were actually to subject Mrs Thatcher's brain to close examination, you might well find that it was considerably smaller than that of certain people who might have many fewer academic qualifications."

Thursday

One of the things I most enjoy about the job of being prime minister is the number of times you have to go to Lord's in order to be seen on television. As always I took a scorebook, a new set of biros, a copy of *Wisden* and, on this occasion, my famous file containing the ideas for my Citizens Charter. When rain stopped play with England on 25 for 7, I thought wouldn't it be a good idea if people whose sandwiches got wet at a cricket match could claim compensation for that proportion of their lunch which was rendered inedible by adverse weather conditions? For instance, a smoked salmon sandwich would command a higher rate of compensation than a Marmite sandwich, of the type Norman had prepared for me. After lunch, I had to go back to the House of Commons to answer questions. Mr McGregor warned me that the Labour people were going to set a trap for me by asking whether I disapproved of the fact that top businessmen were giving themselves huge pay rises. I devoted a considerable period of minutes working out a brilliant answer to this one. Sure enough, up got Mr Hattersley, huffing and puffing as usual, and asked: "Does the Prime Minister disapprove of top businessmen giving themselves huge pay rises?" Quick as a flash I jumped up, holding the ring-pull folder with all my answers, and said: "Oh yes, sir." Then I sat down. Everyone laughed and cheered at my brilliant reply, except Mr Hattersley who said: "Well, are you going to do anything about it?" I was not expecting this, but I came up with an answer just like that — "Oh no."

Friday

Today we had our big debate on Europe. I had been quite worried about this in case guess-who tried to ruin it all. But you can imagine how pleased I was when she gave a solemn assurance to Mr David Frost on his very popular programme *Sky At Night* that she was in no way going to rock the boat. In fact she doubted whether she would even have time to come to the House of Commons at all, as she had better things to do than listen to a bunch of nonentities and has-beens sucking up to Jacques Delors. In fact, when the Debate started, everything went very well. Mr Hurd gave a very interesting talk about Homer and Virgil. No one could call his brain minute, oh no! Then suddenly, oh no, there she was, in a bright pink suit which was obviously put on to show up against all the sensible grey suits that other people had chosen to wear.

But I had nothing to worry about. When she got up to speak she began: "I would just like to give my full and wholehearted support to my honourable friend, the Prime Minister, in his splendid and inspiring opposition to Europe and all that it stands for." Everyone clapped and cheered, showing that the party is now totally united behind me.

Monday

At the Cabinet meeting this morning I was remarkably surprised by the interest shown in my Citizens' Charter. When I got out the file to brief my colleagues on the cricket scheme, I found an unsigned note on Cabinet stationery. "You asked for ideas for your Charter," it said. "Mine is drop it at once. It's a non-starter." The message was made from individual letters torn out of the newspapers, like the kidnap notes you sometimes see in "Inspector Morse". "It could have been anyone." said Chris, when I asked for the perpetrator. "Or everyone," he added. Then they all laughed. But I will take no notice.

Clearly my Citizens' Charter is an idea ahead of its time which must be persevered with over a considerable period. "Like the Poll Tax," said Mr Waldegrave, who, I notice, had a pair of scissors in his top pocket.

Tuesday

She has finally gone. Mrs Thatcher has given in at last and conceded that I am the Prime Minister now and that what I say goes. I rang her in America to congratulate her on this admirable and praiseworthy move.

"You will have more leisure time now," I said, "to do whatever you want."

"Yes," she agreed. "I shall be able to speak out more often on important issues like Europe, the leadership of the party and whatever else comes into my mind."

I am glad that at last she has seen sense.

It's Your Line to Fragrant Mary

FIRST CALLER: Hullo Mary, it's Jasper from Esher. We met when Jeffrey came down to do our AGM last year. Look, it's not easy for me to discuss this, but there's this friend of mine — yes, let's just call him my friend — who's got himself into a spot of bother with this Lloyd's business.

MRS MARY ARCHER *(putting on ghastly soft caring voice)*: Oh, I am sorry. Do go on. It helps to talk to someone.

CALLER: Yes, well it all began when I — I mean my friend — met this broker chap a few years ago, and he said: "Look, it's money for old rope. You sign on to become a Name, and then every year we send you a cheque. Sometimes it might just be £20,000. In a good year it could be a million."

MARY THATCHER: And then what happened?

CALLER: Well, Mary, everything went swimmingly until a couple of months ago, when one morning I had this note to say that I owed them £50 million, and they wanted it by return.

MARY ARCHER: You're not alone, love, it's a very common problem. I suppose you had to sell the house, and the Jag and the yacht and the Renoir, and take your kids out of school, right?

CALLER: Oh no, I just hopped it to Bermuda. Or rather my friend did. But what I want to know, Mary, is — could you come out here for dinner? I'll send my jet.

MARY: Next distressed caller please.

SECOND CALLER: Hullo, Mrs Archer. You remember me from the trial? I was the one in the wig who really fancied you like mad! I can still remember the exotic scent of your perfume wafting through the court and driving all us lawyers wild with lust *(pant pant)*.

MRS ARCHER: Get off the line before I have you arrested...

Ring Fragrant Mary now if you've lost all your money at Lloyd's — 0868 211777 (£25,000 a minute peak rate. Adult idiots only)

We regret that owing to a typographical error the closing sentence of Sir David Llewellyn's article yesterday appeared as "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall receive money." "Money" should have read "mercy".

Daily Telegraph

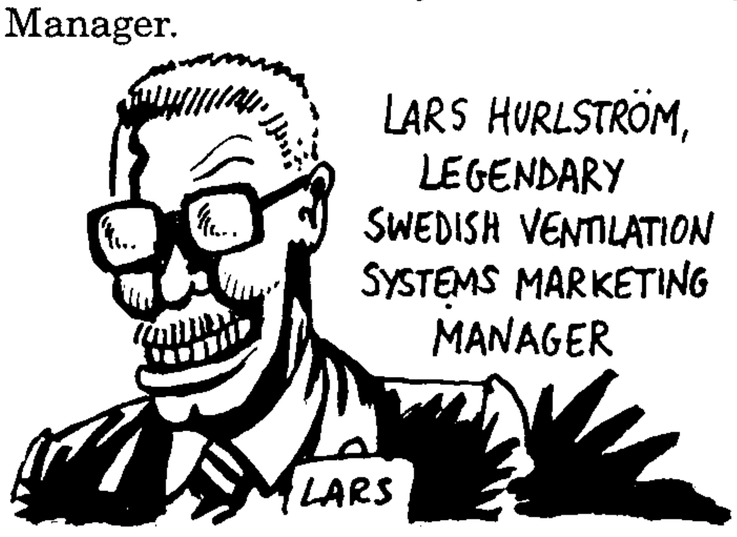
HOT TIPS FROM WIMBLEDON'S TOP STARS

No. 94: **Mike Henderson**, Ace Sales Manager at Allied United

"Wimbledon is tough and highly competitive. It attracts top PR men from around the world. Here are my tips on how to succeed in the high pressure game of corporate hospitality"

1. Know your opposition

THE Germans are always dangerous on grass. Remember, in 1983 the Dorfnix team produced an unbeatable Lobster Thermidor that won the Japanese software account. Also don't underrate the Swedes, particularly Lars Hurlström, the No. 1 Ventilation Systems Marketing Manager.

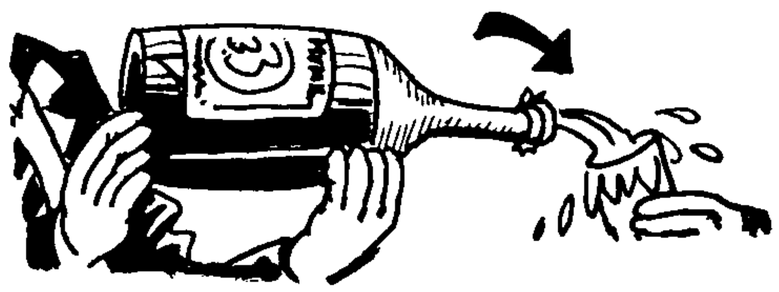


2. Service

ABSOLUTELY vital. It should be as fast as possible, and make sure it's by waitresses with short skirts who don't mind being patronised by drunken photocopier reps.

3. Don't lose your bottle

IT'S your link to the client. Grasp it firmly (with both hands if necessary) and keep your eyes on their glasses. A missed refill can mean the difference between success and failure.

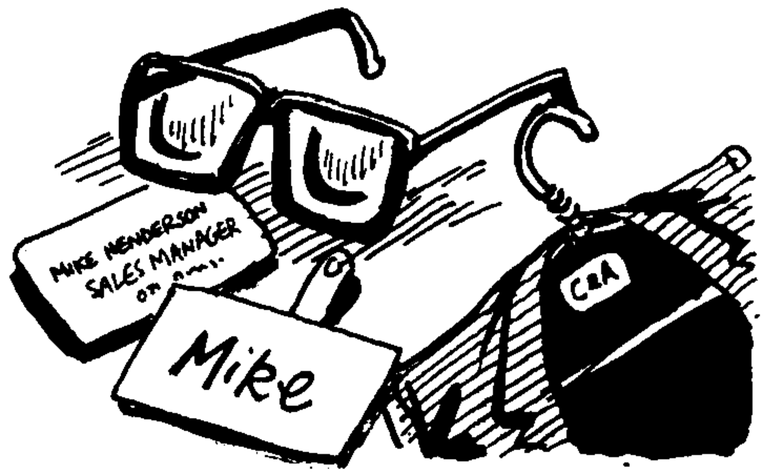


4. Concentration

GET as many people as possible into your tent. It suggests you're doing well, even in the recession. A good sweat encourages heavy drinking and forced errors by the client in giving you the contract.

5. Correct gear

WIMBLEDON is special. There is a mandatory requirement to wear a blue-grey suit, glasses, and a prominently displayed name tag. I suggest using only laminated business cards. They're much easier to whip out and slip into someone's pocket while they are simultaneously eating smoked salmon roulade and guzzling Bollinger.



6. Doubles

DON'T. Always offer trebles. There is plenty of time to sleep it off during the tennis.

Mike Henderson MBIM

Millions flee as volcano erupts

by Our Seismological Correspondent, **Philippino Howard**

MASS panic swept the islands of Britain yesterday as long-dormant volcano Krakagrocer suddenly blew its top in the most spectacular explosion ever seen in this country.

Huge clouds of hot air rose thousands of feet over a television studio in central London, followed by a vast gushing of pent-up bile which engulfed half the nation in a matter of minutes.

Poisonous Morning Cloud

The Krakagrocer had been grumbling for many years, warning of a possible catastrophe, but most people found it difficult to take the threat of Krakagrocer seriously.

But now they have been proved tragically wrong. By last night visibility in the London area was reduced to zero, as a fine rain of bitterness, rancour and sour grapes buried cars and pedestrians to a depth of several feet.

Said one eyewitness, Mrs Ethel Waldegrave (no relation): "We were just settling down to watch Jon Snow talking about Iraq on Channel Four when suddenly there was this enormous explosion. It sounded just like a red-faced old bore losing his rag — it was terrible, terrible, incredibly funny."

Edward Heath is 102.

The Eye invited

Roger McGoughagall,

the celebrated poet, to compose a series of verses on the current crisis affecting Merseyside's capital

Liverpool. Liverpool.
Where I went to school.
But now in my home town
The schools have all closed down.

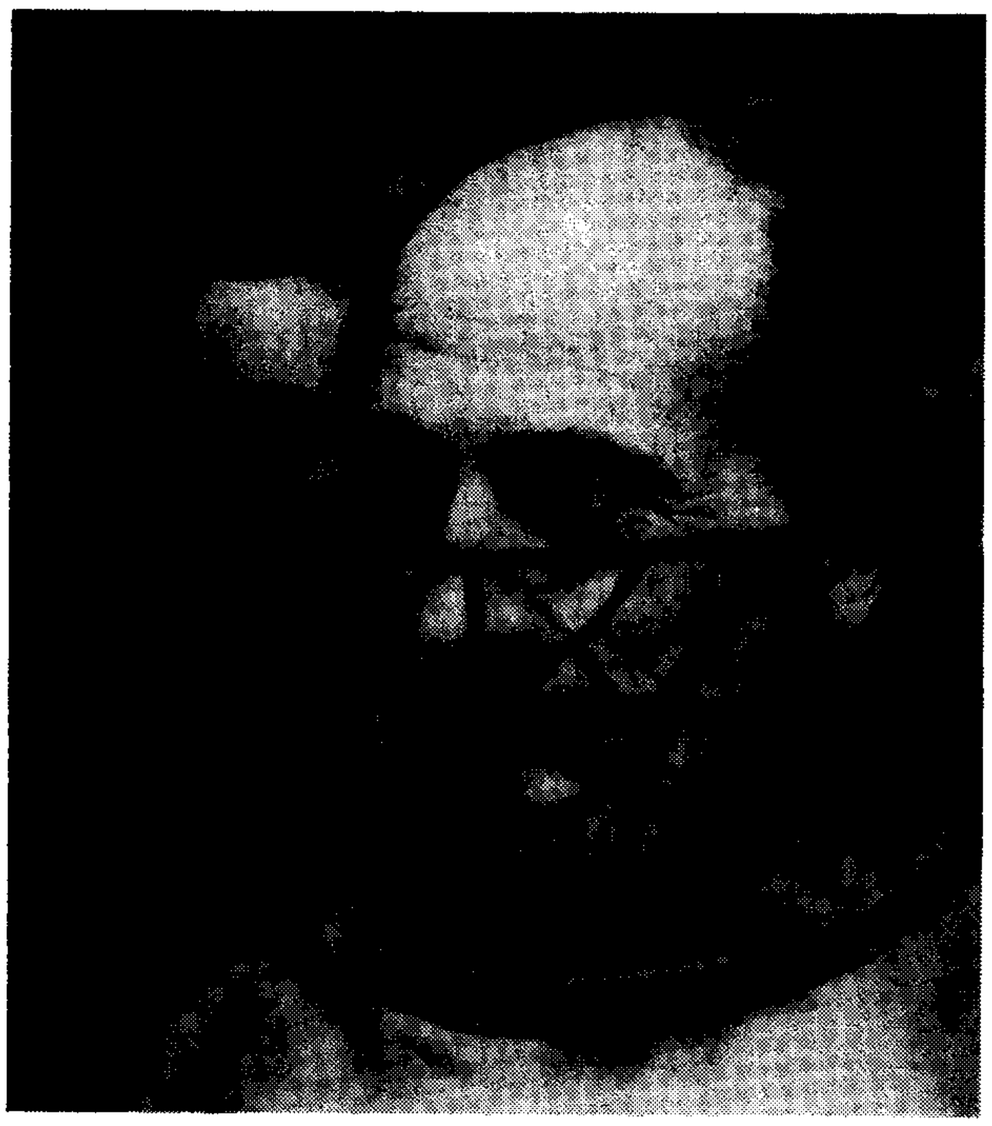
On the street corners where once we had our shags
Now there's nothing to poke but smelly plastic bags.
All the politicians have let us down,
They've screwed it up for us in our home town.

Penny Lane is filled with decomposing litter,
A topic of conversation where scallies drink their bitter.
But they'll never get us down.
No. Not in our home town.

Strawberry Fields, made famous in John Lennon's song,
Are so covered in garbage you can smell the pong.
Everywhere you look is corruption and decay.
No wonder most of us live in London, hundreds of miles away.

(Will this do? R.McG, Chelsea)

© The Committee of Scousers-In-Exile



the silence of the lamonts.

He was the most dangerous, terrifying human being ever to have lived.

But now they needed him.

Dr Hannibal Tebbit was the only one who could help them destroy an even more horrifying menace —

a Labour government.

Tebbit was the man whose savage attacks had shocked a nation.

Now young, beautiful John Majorette must seek him out and plead for his assistance.

You will be frightened. You will be appalled. You will be seduced by the sinister charm of the man they called

The Chingford Polecat.

Now at these Gnomeons

Ridley
Beaumont Dark
Patten Cross
Thorneycroft
Archer
Waldegrave
Baker Street
Bufton Tufton

(That's enough cinemas. Ed)

HEIR OF SORROWS

BY

SYLVIE KRIN

THE STORY SO FAR: The Duke of Edinburgh has called an Extraordinary General Meeting of "the Firm".

Now read on...

THE DUKE was clearly furious. His sea-dog features, puce with anger, contorted and the veins on his grizzled neck stood out like steel hawsers on the mizzen mast of a Class 47 frigate as she ploughed the foam and spume of a North Sea *(Get on with it. Ed)*.

"They've bloody well got it in for us this time!" he shouted. At the head of the table, the Duke was resplendent in the full dress uniform of the Chief Usher of the Battalion of Cannon Cinemas. He addressed the assembled members of the Royal Family.

"Look at this!" He held up a copy of the *Independent on Sunday*, with a headline that screamed: WHY CAN'T THE ROYAL SCROUNGERS PAY THEIR TAXES LIKE THE REST OF US? There was an uncomfortable silence as the gathering sought to find an answer to Mr Peter Jenkins's controversial question. There was no sound except for the torrent of rain beating a frenzied tattoo against the leaded windows of the ancient castle.

"Can I say a word, Pater?" Charles ventured, glancing at the notes he had prepared with the help of his friend Dr Barkworth.

"If you must, boy. And make it brief, for God's sake. We don't want a repeat of your CND performance at the Victory Parade. Sucking up to the Arabs. It turned my stomach, I can tell you."

There was a murmur of approval, and Her Majesty The Queen nodded and dropped a sugar lump into the open maw of her faithful corgi, Worsthorne.

Charles blushed but persevered. "I... er... think what we're seeing here is perfectly understandable." He consulted his notes. "You see, the um Constitutional Monarchy can only survive if it is seen to be sort of concerned and involved with the issues that really matter."

Charles thought the speech was going down quite well. Diana had switched off her Walkman and Edward had laid aside his copy of *Esquire: Summer Sex Special* in which he had been featured in the "Me and My Tea" column. Even the Duchess Fergiana had temporarily turned her attention from the picture of a rain-drenched Wimbledon on her miniature Dariofo portable television (a gift from William Davis, the editor of *DutyFree and DutyFreeMen* after she had agreed to appear in their Winter Ski Special).

"Er... er... what the public clearly don't want to see is displays of frivolity and wealth... sort of fashion and dresses and hats... I mean, when people are on the dole there's bound to be a backlash thingie."

"Surely you're not suggesting that we should pay the income tax, as I believe it's called?" asked the Queen in the tones familiar to millions on Christmas Day.

Charles raised a hand in defence.

"No, no, Mater. You're missing the point."

"Don't be rude, boy," muttered the Duke, kicking Charles under the table, sending a spasm of pain into his son's lower lumbar region. Charles winced, but battled on:

"Um. I just wanted to point out that historically dynasties fall from power when they become obsessed with the trappings rather than the duties of their office... er... my old friend and mentor Sir Laurens van der Post puts it very well in his book *Bebopalulaland On $10 A Day*. How does it go? 'When the chief sleeps in his hut, the lion eats his lunch.' "

The Duke stifled a yawn.

"I don't want to name any names," Charles persisted, feeling certain that he had the family with him now, "but some people give the impression of only being interested in the latest dresses and appearing in *Hello* magazine. The public want a lead in terms of education, architecture, Shakespeare, the environment, the rainforests and that sort of thing. Unless some of us pull our socks up, we're going to end up very unpopular indeed."

"VERY unpopular indeed. That's the verdict on some of the Royals, according to our latest opinion polls..." The voice of the television commentator boomed out over the party chatter as Diana's 30th birthday got under way.

"Shut up you morons!" cried Rupert Ricketson-Smythe. "It's *Thirty Years Of Di* on the box. We're probably all in it."

Her close friends gathered around the set clutching their glasses of bubbling pink champagne and balancing their plates of Finest Primakov's Caviar on their knees.

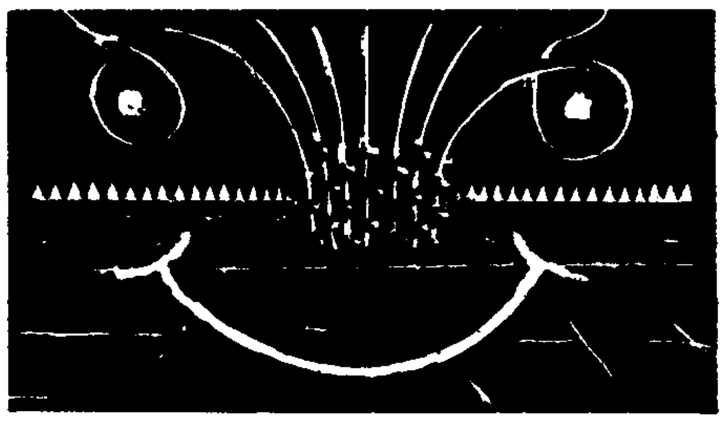
Charles was feeling increasingly ill at ease as the revellers formed a ragged semi-circle in front of a succession of images showing Diana at her most beautiful. The voice of Sir David Dimblebore purred humbly:

"From shy schoolgirl she has blossomed into a confident, mature and beautiful young woman. She is the world's top model. Designers fight for her to wear their latest creations. The public love her, giving her a 90 per cent approval rating in our polls. At a time when the Royal Family has seemed to lose its way she alone has restored its dignity, its mystique, its historic purpose."

"Three cheers for Di!" they all cried, raising their glasses, oblivious of the lone figure walking wearily into an empty corridor.

(To be continued)

DIARY



REV IAN PAISLEY MP

Before breakfast the other morning, I noticed that my new toothbrush, purchased by my good wife on the day previous, bore the legend, "Manufactured in Italy". My horror was indeed a thing to behold.

"The Whore of Rome has entered into my very mouth!" I cried above the sizzle and crackle of eggs frying. "The Harlot has ridden her beastie into my very pinkest of cavities! Begone, foul bristles!" So saying, I hurled the Scarlet Brush into the depth of our God-Fearing toilet and flushed and flushed with all my might and vigour until the iniquitous Anti-Christ was but a memory.

"The enemy hath been vanquished" I informed my wife Eileen as I took up my seat and walked with it to the breakfast table, "Let us now to grace".

Eileen bent her head low as I addressed the Almighty prior to mastication. "Almighty God, You sent Your only Son to earth so that Ulster may be free and the deceits of the Fenians may be routed with a sword. Have mercy on us as we eat of this nutritious Protestant food. May our enemies suffer thine arrows and may this sausage which I now ravage on Your behalf aid me to see you in Heaven together with Good King William and one or two other members of my church and yours where we shall rejoice to observe below us the successive Whores of Rome burning in Hell Fire. Amen."

As I placed the sausage in my mouth, a rasping noise of great volume issued from the seat of my pants.

"Oh, Ian!" exclaimed Eileen, opening a window to let the fair winds blow.

"If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to battle?" I replied, and with that we heard no more of the matter.

Thought for the Day (1): Let not spaghetti into your larder, not pasta into your pot. Check first thine noodles that they be manufactured in the domain of Her Majesty. Beware products named Dolmio, for the Scarlet Sauce is touched by the hand of Satan.

Time and time again, I have expressed myself willing to fight for unity amongst the good people of Ulster. I have entered the so-called Peace Talks of Mr So-Called Brooke with an open mind, determined to abject myself before the twin monsters of reconciliation and harmony. But time and time again I have seen these good wishes thwarted by a callous disregard of Christian sensitivities.

"Pray what, sir, do you mean by this?" I demanded of Mr Babbling Brooke as we assembled around the table for our first discussion. "This is no good, no good at all. This table, sir, is entirely the wrong shape. It is a deliberate insult to the loyal people of Ulster, nothing else!"

"B-b-b-but," he said, "it's a round table."

"Precisely my point, sir!" I exclaimed. "The shape of the rosary bead and of the pontiff's cap, the shape of the communion wafer and of the cardinal's finger-nail, the shape of a united Ireland and of the dome of St Peter's Church in Babylon! Gentlemen, we have been deceived! Let these discussions continue not one second more!"

"B-b-b-but," replied Brooke "they haven't yet started."

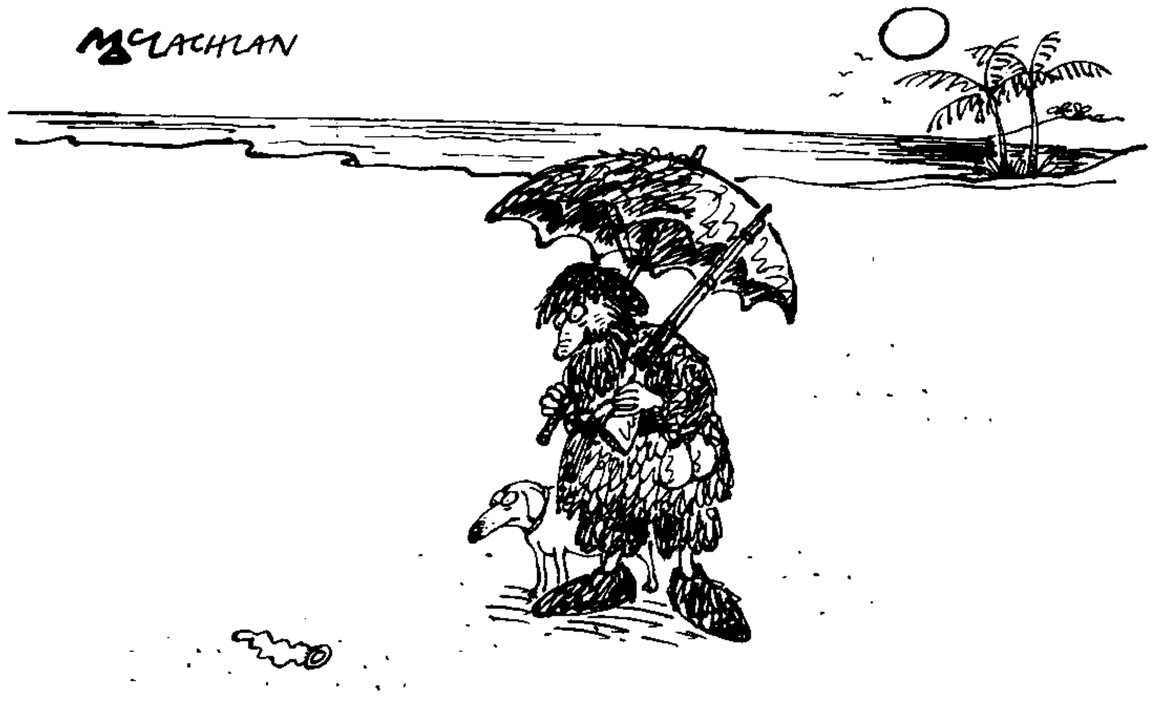
"Nor will they, sir! And let me tell you this! Until this unholy insult of a table is removed and destroyed in its entirety there will be no Peace in Ulster!"

It is clear beyond the shadow of a doubt that Brooke and his minions have not the slightest intention to see justice for the people of Ulster. Not until he builds us a good, square, small Protestant table with room for just one man's throne behind it will I ever believe that he intends to allow Ulster the government for which she craves. No surrender!

Thought for the Day (2): "Love Thy Neighbour." What did Jesus Christ *mean* by this precisely? Focus your attention, if you will, on that word "L-O-V-E". What, you might ask, did he mean by *that*? Would this man who came with a sword to rid us of our enemies ever renege on his quest for violence with such a wishy-washy word? No, no, no and thrice no. The explanation is in fact simple. Rearrange the letters and you will find revealed, as though by the light of a burning torch, the word "V-O-L-E", i.e. "Vole they Neighbour as thyself." The vole — one of the original inhabitants, I need not remind you, of Noah's great Ark — is a ratlike rodent much given to digging and burying. Thus the word of the Lord is revealed! And I say unto you, "Bury Thy Neighbour!" Bury Him for the Lord! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Privately, I am, I confess, an amusing, charming and tolerant fellow, with a warmth that belies my public image. I am known, too, for my Christian kindness to the irrelevant little people who work for me and look up to me as a man of force and destiny. Mr James Molyneaux, for instance, I always allow to be by my side, carrying my briefcase and my Bible. In return I allow him to offer me his wholesale devotion. If ever he forgets his place, I bring him back to earth — for his own sake — by cracking one of my good-hearted jokes! "Funny you never married, Jim!" I like to bellow whenever we are together in a room full of people, and poor Jim goes red, almost scarlet, pursing his lips and flickering his eyelashes! Everyone then enjoys a good belly-laugh. This allows us to proceed with the business of the day without fear of contradiction. Jim, too, always welcomes the joke, contemplating it in silence for many an hour, a constant witness to the Messenger of the Lord beside whom he is proud to be seated.

Thought for the Day (3): Almighty God appeared to me in a dream last night and he said, come, Ian Richard Kyle Paisley, come with Me and I shalt show you My dominions. And I went with the Almighty, and He showed me His dominions, strengthened by fire and tempered by wrath. And in His dominions the Protestant was able to do battle with the Catholic for eternity, and the snares of ecumenism were averted. And the Almighty saith unto me, Son Ian, Come sup with me at my table. And I prepared to be seated. "Sit!" saith the Almighty, and I sat, and thereupon I felt a sharp sword — the sword of Vengeance — enter my Behind, fixing me forever to my seat. And as I sat there, the Lord cackled, declaring that I should now Sup with him for Eternity. At least, I think it was the Lord...



★ **LISTENERS to Radio 2 will be delighted to discover that Dame Barbara Cartland is presenting her own show on March 8.**

And the author of 531 books (one a year) will be advising: "Take a second honeymoon annually. Couples should concentrate on nothing else but making love."

Daily Mirror

heter. 18.30 Newsroom South East. Regionala nyheter. 19.00 Wogan. Pratshow. 19.30 Watchdog. Konsumentmagasin. 20.00 Telly Addicts. Fråge-

Swedish TV Guide

A new team designed to get tough with noisy party throwers begins is patrol of the borough to respond to increasing complaints about loud gatherings in private homes.

The patrol team was prompted by council records which reveal that one in three noise complaints received during 1989-90 were due to loud noise.

Addington Ratepayers' monthly journal

Literary Review

Morgan grinder

Edwina Mountbatten: A Life of Her Own
Janet Morgan
(HarperCollins, £20.00)

IN THE relentless publicity of the past few weeks Janet Morgan has been speaking movingly, to anyone who'll listen, about the new man in her life, Robert Bruce, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, a crossbench peer, 18 years her senior.

She chirruped away to *Harper's* that she has "acquired a domestic life". To Angela Lambert of *The Independent* she was more forthcoming. She does all her own and Robert's laundry and they have "crisp sweet-smelling" fresh linen sheets on the bed everyday. A glance at page 154 of the biography reveals that Edwina Mountbatten too liked to sleep in linen sheets — "a nightmare to launder" — though hers were also decorated with pink silk bows.

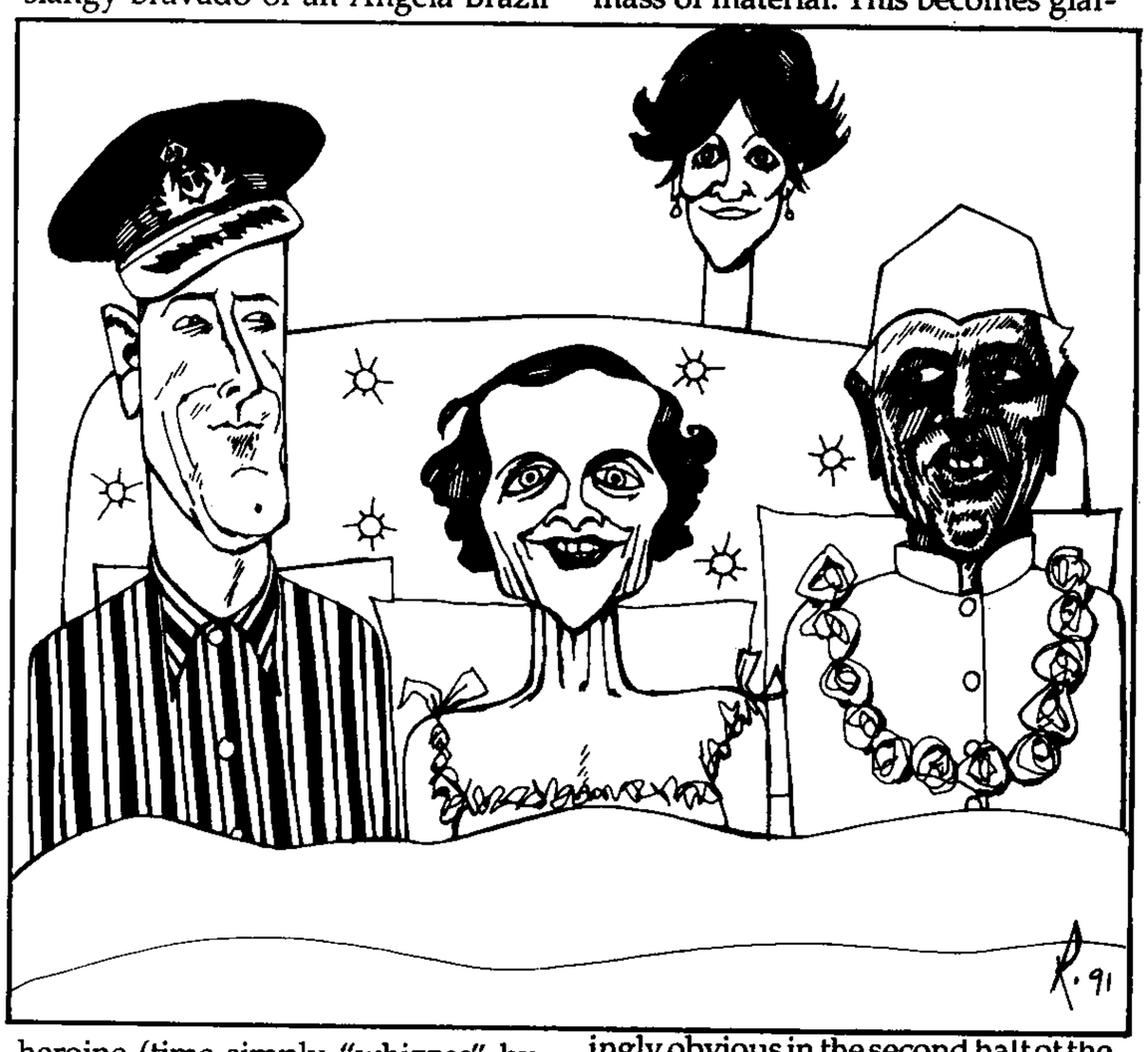
What Morgan appears to have omitted to tell anyone is that Lord Balfour has a wife, and that the revelations of the laundry cupboard are just another episode in her ceaseless campaign to embarrass and taunt the long-suffering Lady Balfour.

It certainly breathes new life into the old saying about washing your dirty linen in public. Publicizing your book is one thing, using your book to publicize your personal life is quite another. And therein lies the problem.

A biographer who identifies too closely with his or her subject is liable to produce a book which is self-promoting and awash with adulatory gush. Morgan is guilty on both counts in her official biography of Edwina Mountbatten. She tells you a great deal about the mad social whirl of the Bright Young Things of the Mountbatten set in the twenties and thirties, but remarkably little of any interest about the woman who became the last Vicereine of India in 1947.

When Morgan was asked to write about Edwina, she was apparently less than thrilled. As she confessed to Sally O'Sullivan (OBN) at *Harper's*, her first thoughts where whether she really wanted to spend "valuable years" unravelling the life of a "pleasure-loving socialite". It comes as a considerable surprise therefore to find Morgan so intoxicated by high society that she can hardly bear to drag herself away from chronicling the antics of Edwina, husband Dickie, and their assorted friends, Bunny, Fruity, Poppy, Yola, Laddie.

The first half of this interminable read is little more than a blow-by-blow account of Edwina's social calendar with mind fogging details of parties, royal tours, polo matches, interior decor, infidelities and wedding presents. The whole sticky confection is relayed in prose which owes something to the stylistic excesses of Elinor Glyn mixed with the slangy bravado of an Angela Brazil heroine (time simply "whizzes" by, Edwina's "a goody-goody", and Dickie's "happy as a lark").



Morgan's *Agatha Christie* (1984), her only other biography, is similarly clogged with superfluous detail. But at least she forced herself to get to grips with the compelling mystery at the centre of Christie's life, her 10-day disappearance in 1926. Here she conveniently sidesteps the controversial issues. The famous allegations accusing Edwina of having had an affair with Paul Robeson are rebutted with the word "piffle" and the not very convincing argument that we must take on trust Edwina's statement in her diary that she'd never met him. Yet Edwina was a proven liar — in her diary and elsewhere — and the other sources which suggest rather the reverse should at least receive a proper airing (as they did in Duberman's recent life of Robeson).

Just as telling is Morgan's handling of the friendship between Edwina and Jawaharlal Nehru, on which so much of the hype surrounding the book has centred. The strong likelihood is that she is correct in her assumption that the relationship was platonic. But her failure even to examine any of the evidence to the contrary (for instance that of Russi Mody, son of the governor of Uttar Pradesh, who once came upon them in passionate embrace) leads one to question her standards of impartiality.

She makes the fatal error of taking Edwina almost entirely at her own estimation, and rarely attempts to see her from any perspective other than her own. Nor does she bring any interpretative skills to bear on her mass of material. This becomes glaringly obvious in the second half of the book when, without explanation from Morgan, Edwina suddenly metamorphoses from pleasure-loving socialite in to a nun-like figure worthy of canonization, endlessly visiting troops and hospitals.

The nagging question which remains after finishing this book is how anyone capable of producing it could have risen to the dizzy heights which Morgan has achieved. She has been, among other things, a Visiting Fellow of All Souls, a member of the policy review staff at the Cabinet Office, and a special adviser to the director-general of the BBC.

Morgan's impressive qualifications clearly recommended her to Edwina's daughters, though they may now be wringing their hands over the anodyne portrait of their mother she has produced. Alternatively, that may be precisely what they wanted.

BOOKS & BOOKMEN

■ *"I MAY be fat. I may be out of breath. But I'm not stupid." No prizes for guessing which publishing supremo uttered those deeply fatuous words. Yes, it was Eddie "McBastard" Bell, as he told the 30-strong HarperCollins academic division that it was for the chop because the list was being sold, only 10 months after it had been acquired by the Murdoch empire.*

Stunned divisional staff listened incredulously as the seriously overweight Scottish "publisher" blathered on about how things had not worked out quite as expected since HarperCollins bought respected academic publishers Unwin Hyman last autumn. Then, there had been much flannel about how committed HarperCollins would be to serious publishing. Now, "Arturo" had to own up that he and his henchmen hadn't a clue what to do with books that were not about dieting, gardening or bodice-ripping.

What the listening toilers knew, and "McBastard" didn't know they knew, was that their jobs were disappearing down the omnivorous financial gullet of Sky TV. Because of the Sky-induced financial straits of Murdoch's News International, each segment of the empire has to make a half-yearly cash transfer to the centre, to help keep the bankers at bay.

Even though HarperCollins had sacked 60 other unfortunates in March, this "action" had not produced the savings needed to meet the end-June payment to the Dirty Digger. So "McBastard" and financial director Peter ("The Boy") Winslow cast about desperately for something to sell and lighted upon the hapless academic division.

□ **MARVIN JOSEPHSON, of ICM Inc, American literary agent to Sir Stormin' Norman Schwarzkopf and now Lady Thatcher (see Grovel, last *Eye*), has apparently been approached by a chap from Whitehall.**

The man in a pinstripe suggested that he shouldn't offer the ex-prime minister's memoirs to the Dirty Digger for publication by HarperCollins because Lady Thatcher shouldn't get involved with the Digger. It can't be his political opinions, so is it his finances that they are worried about?

■ *MEANWHILE Mark Thatcher, literary agent emeritus, had already declined Cap'n Bob's offer of a stingy £1m for British and Commonwealth rights to the great biography. The offer might have been more realistic had the Cap'n not been persuaded that to serialise Mrs T's memoirs in the Mirror might have spelt curtains for his Labour sheet.*

It's unlikely, for political reasons, that either Transworld or Random House will want to touch the book, and Viking Penguin has neither the cash nor the inclination. Probably Josephson's strategy will be to extract offers from Reed International and the Associated Newspapers-backed Chapmans (Ian Chapman plays golf with Denis) and then sell to the world's must unpleasant publishing house, Simon & Schuster, triumphant publisher of Fergie's Budgie the Helicopter. S&S's Dick Snyder loves a British lady.

'Bookworm'

SNIPCOCK & TWEED
I CANNOT DECIDE WHICH JOHN MAJOR BOOK TO PURCHASE AT THIS JUNCTURE...
JOHN MAJOR
ER....
IT WOULD BE FOOLHARDY TO COMMIT ONESELF PREMATURELY
I SHALL MAKE UP MY MIND IN THE FULLNESS OF TIME...
UM
JOHN MAJOR BY MEIRION WYN ELLIS
JOHN MAJOR BY ROBERT ANDERSON
THE QUIET RISE OF JOHN MAJOR
I SHALL WEIGH UP THE OPTIONS AND DEFINITELY DECIDE WITHIN A REASONABLE TIMESCALE

Privatisation

Baker needs the dough

THE very modest 58 per cent pay rise awarded to John Baker, chief executive of National Power (rises for the workforce are being held to less than 10 percent), may dismay the Government, which tries to claim privatisation was designed to enrich the nation, and the public, which has to pay the money through its electricity bills, but shareholders will regard it as a just reward for the man who has done most to make their day.

Baker led the Central Electricity Generating Board team at the Sizewell inquiry, arguing that nuclear power was cheap. Then came the proposal to privatise electricity and there followed a series of leaks of draft speeches and draft letters which Mr Baker had prepared but which were not delivered. By now he was pointing out that coal power was cheaper than nuclear and that nuclear would cut the profits of the privatised industry and government help would be needed.

The inspector at the Hinkley Point inquiry refused to allow the National Union of Mineworkers to produce the leaks in evidence, saying they must have been stolen. They had appeared first in two newsletters published by the *Financial Times*: *Power in Europe*, edited by Andrew Holmes, and *International Coal Report*, edited by Gerard McCeskey. Both were once members of the Department of Energy and the popular theory was that they had been accidentally left on the distribution list for secret documents.

What was never disputed was that the leaks represented the secret thoughts of John Baker and that they contributed to the Government's decision to exclude nuclear power from the privatisation package. For this shareholders should be eternally grateful. But Joe Public, left to carry the burden of Nuclear Electric by providing a subsidy on electricity bills of £1.2 billion a year, and rising, may feel differently.

Baker's career has so far been spectacular. He is not one of the career engineers who grew up with the old CEGB, but an arts graduate (English at Oxford) who was a civil servant at the Housing Corporation until 1979 when he switched to the CEGB and rose like a rocket to be No 2.

The accepted description of him is "ruthless": he has the sharpest brain of those who negotiated privatisation and would now no doubt argue that it was only realistic of him to take the sort of salary that was obtainable, even if it did look bizarre at a time when he was holding down other people's wages and preparing to sack thousands to keep National Power profitable.

The same reasoning will no doubt support any future decision to sell off power station sites when the property market improves. He could argue that National Power does not have to keep the nation illuminated and warm (an obligation scrubbed when the CEGB was de-nationalised and broken up) and therefore if it helped the balance sheet to reduce supply, and given that it was legal, why shouldn't he shut down and sell off the land to the highest bidder?

Broadcasting

TVS: Is the Enders nigh?

WHILE *Daily Mail* editor Sir David English will join the board of TVS Entertainment if the station keeps its franchise — which cynics believe may explain the soft-soap treatment of TVS in the City pages of Associated Newspapers titles — the dramas at TVS continue unabated.

It was no surprise when last year, as had long been predicted in these pages and elsewhere, "Wee" Jimmy Gatward got the bum's rush from the banks and pension funds and was replaced as chairman by the sinister, chain-smoking former boss of ConsGold, Rudolph Agnew. The mystery at TVS, though, is how one Claire Enders, formerly Gatward's personal attendant and now jokingly referred to as "corporate development director", has survived so long.

The worrying thing for TVS shareholders is that American Enders appears to be running the clapped-out station single-handedly while nobody — but nobody — has examined her track record. However, it helps when your father is a big cheese in Washington DC — as is Thomas Enders II, a former assistant US secretary of state for Latin America and, perhaps more importantly, if you marry into the vastly wealthy and highly secretive DC Thomson family, owners of the comics and local newspaper publishing empire in Scotland.

Enders's own career is less remarkable. She worked for the cable programmes division at Thorn-EMI Screen Entertainment, then did a stint at Virgin and then became head of marketing at Super Channel, an ill-fated venture in which TVS lost millions. So successful was her department at selling Super Channel subscriptions to the public that the station crashed in a sea of debt, taking £5.7 million of TVS shareholders' money with it. But that didn't matter to Gatward, who hired her to join TVS itself. Now she is tipped to rise to the top of the organisation. Mutterings of her joining the main board abound and she has certainly worked her magic on Agnew.

Enders's main claim to fame is that she slapped a writ on *The Independent on Sunday*'s dummy issue before the paper began publication. The rag intended to run in its launch issue a profile of TVS which argued that Gatward wasn't perhaps quite as brilliant as he would have liked to believe. Enders kept telling him that he was. More importantly, she also told anybody within earshot that the disastrous purchase of the US television company MTM was in fact a brilliant move that would reap fantastic profits. As is now well known, it was this acquisition which finally cost Gatward his job. Agnew is now in the unenviable position of having to try to flog MTM, which Gatward bought for $320 million. The best offer so far has been $70 million.

What is astonishing is that Enders has managed to survive in spite of having clung so firmly to Gatward's coat-tails. However, when Gatward's end was nigh she very quickly dissociated herself from him and told everyone "I advised him against it... He wouldn't take my advice" etc, etc. Enders has thus been appointed as head of corporate affairs to succeed Gerry Buckland, who left the station a few weeks ago and whose solicitors are in negotiation with TVS.

There are several questions TVS directors should perhaps ask themselves: what role did Enders's brother, Thomas Enders III, play in the sale of the Midem Organisation, a TVS subsidiary, to Reed International? Why was there no mention in the last report and accounts of the price TVS received for the sale of its Ardmore Studios in Ireland, or of the alleged £20,000 pay-off to former financial controller Sharon Harris, who happened to be a close friend of TVS managing director Tony Brook? Who hired a group of spooks to rummage through the dustbins of a former employee, and have the same spooks been back in action against the MAI group who are bidding for the station? Why has Enders taken Concorde to New York with Gerry Grimstone, head of corporate finance at Schroeders, twice in the last two weeks?

Radioactivity

Heavy water

A CONFIDENTIAL report produced for the Central Electricity Generating Board in 1988 has given the lie to the myth that emissions from nuclear power stations are harmless.

The document (OED STB (S)/88/0019/R) details the levels of radioactivity found in the silt of Lake Trawsfynydd in north Wales in 1986. The lake is an artificial reservoir, built to serve the Magnox power station on its shore. The purpose of the survey was to assess the site's suitability for a pressurised water reactor (at the time the CEGB still proposed to build four PWRs). A second power station at Trawsfynydd would have required the lake to have been drained and enlarged.

The survey ruled this out. It showed the lake's sediment contained about 20 curies of radioactivity, or five curies per square kilometre — a level at which measures to protect the population were deemed necessary outside the Chernobyl exclusion zone. More worrying still, there were significant concentrations of plutonium — about 750 billion becquerels — enough to cause between five and 30 premature cancers.

If the lake had been drained, the silt would have dried up and wind would have blown particles of this lethal plutonium for miles.

The plutonium could only have come from the ponds that cool spent fuel as soon as it is removed from the two Trawsfynydd reactors. The ponds are discharged intermittently into the lake, through filters that are supposed to remove radioactive particles such as plutonium. There is no reason to believe that the Trawsfynydd filters are less effective by design than those at other nuclear power stations, so — surprise, surprise — the sea bed around all the coastal nuclear power station sites (Trawsfynydd is the only inland one) may constitute a considerable health hazard.

The Trawsfynydd discovery also cast further doubt on the competence of the Ministry of Agriculture Fisheries and Food to act as custodian of public health. Until the CEGB's survey, MAFF's aquatic surveys of the lake had failed to find any noticeable trace of plutonium. Its subsequent surveys, however, showed a remarkable increase — from 30bq/kg in 1987 to 140 bq/kg in 1989.

Takeovers

ICI Spy

WHILE the war of words continues between ICI and the predatory Hanson, the chemicals giant has announced that it is to sell its soda ash groups in the UK and Kenya.

This is the first major asset sale since February and should bring in some £90 million — more than enough to pay off a nearly £12 million fine imposed on ICI last December by the EEC competition directorate for operating a soda ash cartel — a fine against which ICI is appealing.

Meanwhile, to counter the Hanson takeover threat, City hacks have been recycling Hanson horror stories. But they should never forget just how imperfect is ICI's own reputation.

As the *Eye* has revealed, throughout the 1980s, in conjunction with its overseas subsidiaries and French, Swiss, US, Dutch, Canadian and South African munitions and explosives manufacturers, ICI operated a cartel which supplied explosive powders and fuses to Iran and Iraq during the first Gulf War and even supplied Argentina with powder during the Falklands war.

Other South American dictatorships benefited from this arrangement, too; and when the *Eye* exposed this death cartel in 1987, ICI was far from pleased. It even sent its head of press and public relations round to Lord Gnome's offices. After a chat and sniff around, the gentleman told the *Eye* that no matter what we wrote neither he nor ICI would comment on it.

Lord Gnome presumed this was because of the embarrassment of having been caught out in a particularly dirty business — but not so. ICI was more worried that it would be referred to the EEC competitions directorate for running a cartel and get turned over by the Department of Trade and Industry into the bargain. Perhaps Hanson advisers should look into these matters further.

In the City

IT NEVER ceases to amaze, although it should no longer surprise, with what contempt directors treat those for whom they nominally work — the shareholders who own the companies that employ them.

Directors happily vote themselves giant pay rises when profits fall and kit themselves out with "golden parachutes" when they fear their failure might result in an unwanted takeover and the well-merited sack. And it is they who decide just what the so-called owners need to know about what is done in their name with their company's money. After all, the directors, like mother, know best. And information is power.

So why should the shareholders of Hanson need to know that £10 million of company cash has been invested and more than £7 million written off on four-legged assets some of which just happened to race under the personal colours of joint goombah "Lord" White? Why should they be at all interested that White and his pals were riding on the back of the shareholders with a personal 20 per cent stake in the syndicate owning the horses?

No doubt the ever so grateful shareholders would have approved the undisclosed investment in the Cheval No 1, 2, and 3 companies, had anyone bothered to ask. And anyway it was only £10 million and so barely worth mentioning in the context of the billions on the Hanson balance sheet.

Perhaps if the horses had been prize winners instead of money losers, twin Thatcher peers White and Hanson would have deigned to share news of the good fortune with shareholders. On winning some major trophy, no doubt White would have made a little speech thanking the Hanson shareholders without whom it would not have been possible. For after all, lest we forget, it is shareholders' money; it does involve a transaction from which an executive/director (White) benefits; and it has made a substantial loss — £7 million is still £7 million.

But then auditors Ernst & Young clearly also agree that Hanson and White know what is best for shareholders.

And after all, it is worth remembering that owing to the curious nature of the Hanson plc/White relationship, shareholders are not told just how much they pay White or what other benefits they provide for him. The chairman of Hanson's US arm Hanson Industries is not a director of the British parent company and so his salary and perks are not revealed — nor is the number of shares he owns. And as Hanson Industies is not a separately quoted US company — despite its size — nor does a disclosure have to be made across the Atlantic where the requirements for little matters like salary, pension, perks, shares and transactions with the company are a whole lot more rigorous.

Why, it might be asked, do Hanson/White not volunteer this information? Why take advantage of a loophole? Hanson reveals his salary — a modest £1.45 million — so can his lifelong chum receive any less? What else do shareholders not know because it has been decided they have no need to? Why should White, a man who otherwise courts personal publicity, be so shy? The Hanson truth can surely always be able to pass the sunshine test.

SHAREHOLDERS in Lifetime Corporation, the US health care group run by medical entrepreneur and investor in stockbrokers Raphael Zorn Hemsley Michael Sinclair, might be interested in an explanation to an unusual sequence of events regarding the purchase and sale of one of its London assets.

In July 1986 the Bowley nursing home/clinic site in Kensington was acquired for £4.25 million. The Bowley deal had been introduced to Lifetime by health care consultant William Fitzhugh, who was paid a 1 per cent finder's fee by Lifetime subsidiary Health Care Corporation.

However, the nursing home was not, it appears, purchased by Lifetime or its subsidiary entirely. Instead Bowley became a "joint venture". The site was bought by Majorclass, a company half owned by Lifetime subsidiary Hospital Capital Corporation and half by Heirloom, a Gibraltar company whose shareholders were two local nominee companies and whose directors were two Panamanian companies.

The Bowley deal was financed by a secured bank loan as Majorclass only had an issued capital of £2, £1 each paid by HCC and Heirloom. The Bowley site was to be redeveloped at a cost of £6.3 million.

In December 1987 another HCC subsidiary acquired the outstanding 50 per cent interest in Majorclass owned by Heirloom as part of a deal costing £950,000. The substantive part of that cash payment could well relate to the shares purchased from Heirloom in Gibraltar.

In August 1988 the redeveloped Bowley site was sold to Kunick for £10 million. Fitzhugh claimed a fee for that introduction which was not paid. He is now suing two Lifetime subsidiaries for £100,000.

Shareholders might wonder why it was necessary for Heirloom to be introduced into the Bowley transaction and, as it would seem not to be a Lifetime company, who received what benefit from the purchase of its interest in Majorclass and the Bowley site.

SIR James Goldsmith's green credentials will be greatly enhanced by news that Newmont Mining, 42 per cent Goldsmith owned, is an investor in a mining project banned last month by the Australian government because of objections by Aborigine groups.

Newmont is the second largest shareholder in Newcrest Mining, which held a 45 per cent interest in a sacred Aborigine site at Coronation Hill in the Northern Territory.

Newmont and its partners wanted to rape and pillage Coronation Hill for the £200 million in gold and platinum it contained. But mining was fiercely resisted by the local Aboriginal Jawoyn tribe who say Coronation Hill is a religious site.

Despite the Jolly Green Giant's new cause of saving the world's environment, Newcrest, backed by other mining interests, lobbied hard for mining to go ahead. But the Aborigines were saved by public pressure and Australian Prime Minister Bob Hawke.

FORMER clients and present creditors of Jonathan Bekhor will be reassured to know that despite the near £3 million hole in the accounts of his family firm, stockbrokers A.J. Bekhor, when it closed last year, he is alive and well and still stockbroking but in California.

Bekhor had seemingly organised a Californian Plan B well before his firm crashed. But then he knew that, as a long time leading member of the Usual List of Suspects, he was constantly under the Stock Exchange microscope and it was certain to get lucky one day. He had a narrow escape when A.J. Bekhor only just scraped under the wire to obtain last minute authorisation from The Securities Association in April 1987.

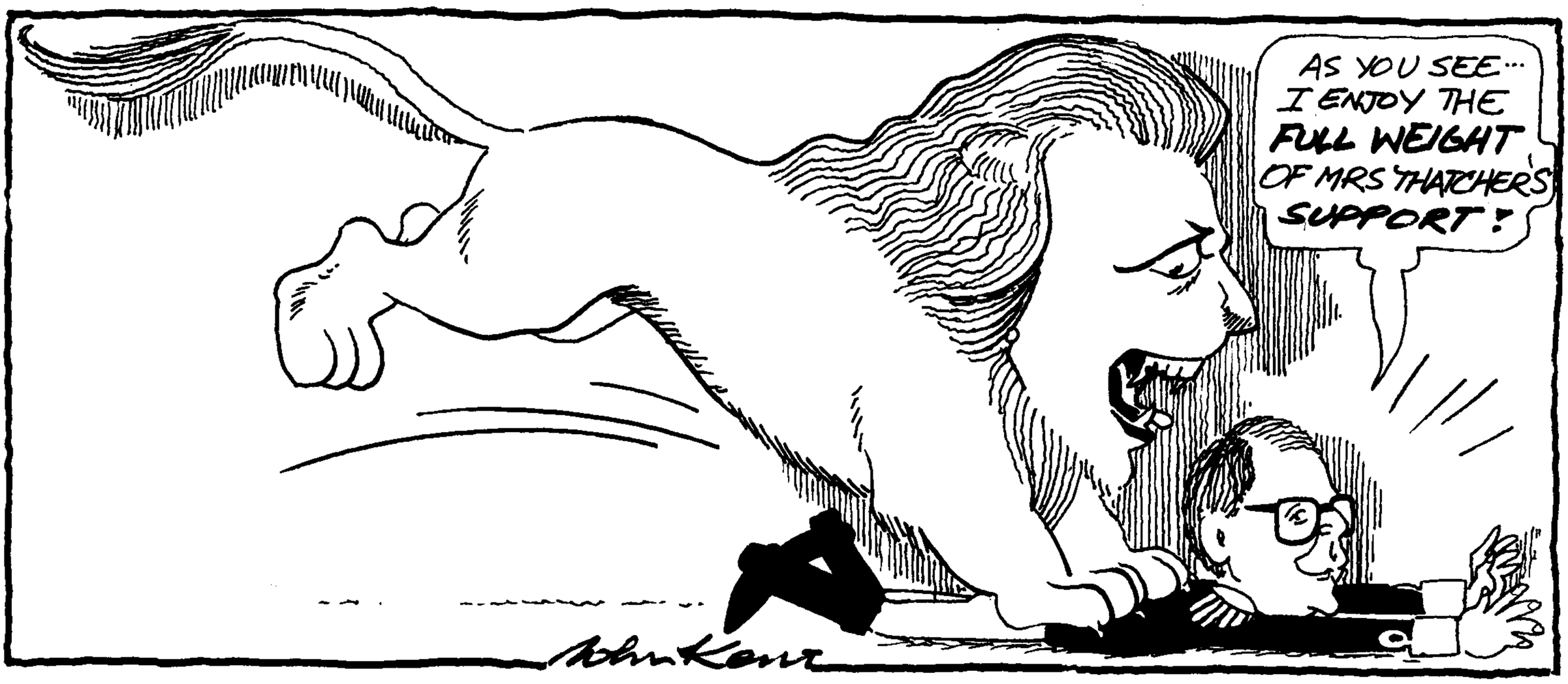
Coincidentally, in May 1987 First Affiliated Securities of San Diego, owned by Bekhor International Group, was registered with the National Association of Securities Dealers. Bekhor himself was registered with NASD at the end of 1987, trading from FAS.

In 1989 FAS became Bekhor Securities Corporation, only then to change its name back to FAS later in the year. It remains FAS today with Bekhor working from the San Diego offices.

Bekhor remains registered with NASD. The NASD position is that despite Bekhor International doing business as First Affiliated Securities, as Jonathan Bekhor is not listed as a principal of FAS, the little matter of the A.J. Bekhor collapse is not relevant. One wonders if FAS clients would feel the same if they knew what had happened in London.

RELEASED from prison last week on medical grounds (pre-senile dementia), Ernest Saunders was quick to tell the press he planned a business comeback. What about the shambling, rambling figure who appeared before the Court of Appeal in April? You remember — the one who thought President Ford was still in the White House. A medical miracle! Alzheimer Who?

'Slicker'



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"It's a bloody eyesore — it looks terrible. Given who he is and how much money he's got, he'll get away with it."
Berkshire villager complaining about Peter Palumbo's proposed 275-metre sculpture of 1,100 4½ft steel figures

BUTTERFLIES feast on snail trails.

KIDDIEWINKIES lack any talent so take the piss.

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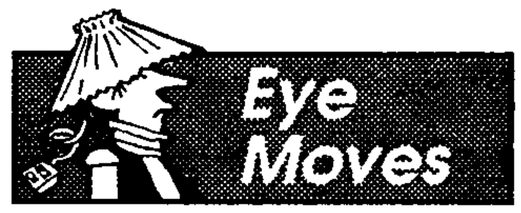

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NO HOLIDAY PLANS? Would any genuine, attractive, sun-loving female (child welcome) like to spend a long, lazy summer with an interesting, easy-going, humorous, educated, attractive guy in exotic, romantic, Mediterranean location. 0222-777847.

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL male, young 38, married, but missing excitement in life, wishes to meet sensuous lady for dining out, stimulating company and a discreet affair. London area. Box 2771.

UNCOMPLICATED, fortysomething, businessman, seeks sensual woman for mutually satisfying affair. London. Box 2871.

SPEND ONE MONTH in Rioja with 30ish fun, Spanish guy? Then he comes her. Phone 010-34-41-245183.

ARE YOU A POSITIVE, fun-loving, uncomplicated lady, 35-45, who likes horse/greyhound racing, wining, dining, travel, theatre, sport, and would like to meet a like-minded, London-based, creative accountant in his late forties. Friendship initially but who knows? Photo/phone number guarantees a response. Box 2971.

CARING FEMALE sought by male, 28, coping with life-long disease of the bowel. Not unattractive, but very slim. Offers love and affection in return for same. Based NW but will travel. Box 3071.

INTERESTING, amusing Oxbridge lady seeks tall, slim, N/S, intelligent, passionate man for laughter and excursions into unchartered territory. Age 38-46. Box 3171.

SALES PROFESSIONAL male, 27, very attractive, tall, slim, fit but inexperienced seeks experienced, slim, sexy female "teacher" for lessons in love. Passion, friendship, 28-48. Manchester. Any area. Box 3271.

SUN SEEKING LADY looking for male (35-42) to teach her to water-ski this summer. Must be tall, strong, stylish, intelligent, have patience and a sense of humour and preferably own boat in the Med. London/Surrey. Box 3371.

GUY (26), intelligent, but no yuppie, seeks girl. Photo please. SW London/Surrey. Box 3471.

UNBELIEVABLE BUT TRUE, self-made millionaire, 26, attractive, athletic, intelligent, reformed workaholic now realises there has to be more to life. Seeks beautiful, educated young lady (20-25) who has good conversation and lots of affection to show him life can be fun. Photo please. Midlands/anywhere. Box 3571.

ROMANTIC MAN, 36, seeks similarly inclined younger woman for lasting friendship, fun, etc. Photo. SVP. Box 3671.

GENTLEMAN, TALL, slim, handsome, single, successful, businessman, 40. Sincere and humorous with capacity to share. Desires strikingly attractive, single, blonde female, 20/35, to spoil in exchange for romance. Photo appreciated. N/West. Box 3771.

I AM A LIVELY, goodlooking 26-year old businessman from Bahrain visiting Europe this Summer. Would a charming British, European or American lady (18-30) care to accompany me on my travels on the continent? I shall be visiting Switzerland and our family holiday home in the Greek Islands. Apart from travel my other interests are swimming, going out and studying cultures different to my own. Please reply fully to ALI. Box 3871.

BEAUTIFUL, INTELLIGENT, sophisticated lady, (40), currently emotionally stranded, seeks tall, mature, knight with charm, brains and money. He is worldly, fun, generous, romantic and caring. She is warm, sexy, cultured, multi-lingual, adaptable at home anywhere. Box 4071.

ARE YOU A professional gentleman, -50+, with own practice, in need of a wife-lover-best friend? I am said to be very attractive, although fifty, you will be pleasantly surprised! Box 3971.

WOMAN, 53, bespectacled, teacher in good health, well-read, smoker, heterosexual, cheerful, kind, argumentative, neurotic, unable to cope with criticism, seeks amiable companion. Nottingham area. Box 4171.

ME: 40ish, Heathrow transit lounge based, slightly frayed and soggy with a wife who should have married a civil servant. YOU: 30/50ish, but mature, like fun and a bit of nonsense, (un)married but needing someone to put that twinkle in your eye and occasional sparkle in your life. Photo and N/S preferred but apart from that, very open. Location UK. Box 4271.

POSSIBLY RESPECTABLE doctor, hunky, thirtyish, ex-sandy location, single, likes windsurfing, skiing, travel, etc. Seeks young gorgeous warm, sensitive lady for lasting fun. Photo please. Birmingham area, but flexible. Box 4371.

QUIET, COUNTRY-LIVING male, early 40s, newly single, looks to approach fast lane with some trepidation! Slim, 5'11", own hair, independent, professional with international business. Looking for articulate (attractive) lady with sense of humour who enjoys elegant living and travel. Non-smoker essential, tennis player and skier an advantage. Family ties acceptable. Box 4471.

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PRETTY INDEPENDENT lady 40ish seeks open-minded man for blissful encounters. Highlands Scotland. Box 4571.

OUTRAGEOUS advertising boss seeks young, fun-loving, passionate lady to share part-time generosity. Box 4671.

COMMITTED CHRISTIAN man for a black woman, 38, separated with child. Any race. Box 4771.

HUMBLE PEASANT from common stock seeks wench to share crust of bread. S.E. London. Box 4871.

WEALTHY, PROFESSIONAL,
married man, 45, seeks beautiful younger lady for lunch and dinner affairs in London, Rio, New York.
Box 4971.

26, YOUNG AND looking for older woman to share passion, romance, candlelight and good company. Box 5071.

ATTRACTIVE, BLOND, soft, romantic, sensual, intelligent with a touch of class seeks successful, caring, attractive man, 40ish to care and share with. Photo appreciated. Box 5171.

GETTING BORED playing games? Male, 31, varied interests, wishes to monopolise an attractive, humorous, gentle female for non-trivial pursuits instead. Bristol/South West/London. Box 5271.

HONEST, CARING, gentleman, 45, seeks discreet affair with someone special. Surrey/South East. Box 5471.

LIVELY, INTELLIGENT female, 30, with many interests, missing fatherly influence, seeks older and wiser man, 45+, for friendship. No casanovas please! London. Box 5571.

CAREER WOMAN, South Manchester, would like an evening out with a modest, single man, preferably over 45. Photo appreciated and reciprocated. Box 5671.

HEDONISTIC, vivacious brunette, 34, very attractive, seeks tall, good looking, intelligent, successful, fun-loving, wealthy, romantic, homme fatale for divine decadence. London. Photo please. Box 5371.

HANDSOME, INDEPENDENT Barnet man, 37, desires Anneka Rice type for regular, occasional encounters. Photo please. Box 5771.

CAMBRIDGE MEDICAL student (male) bored with traditional relationships seeks something new. Anything considered! (Cambridge or London). Box 5871.

REDHEAD, 29, (graduate, professional) bright, horribly independent but with a lot to give, seeks company of intelligent, honest, funny man, somewhere between Bristol and Oxford. Box 5971.

WARM WOMAN, well favoured, 40s, non-smoker, South West, seeks real man. Grizzled, not grisly, 50s. Writer, artist, literate anyway. Stir my embers, and warm us both! Photo, phone. Box 6071.

SALES DIRECTOR, married, bored, seeking discreet fun and learning days with experienced lady, 35-55. South Wales/Bristol. Box 6271.

LECTURER, 47, male, needs platonic voyage of discoveries with insight and lifebelt to compare and nurture shipwrecks and treasure islands. Box 6371.

CLEVER LONDON lawyer, (drinker, 43, married to man her junior) craves truly intelligent man for good conversations. Exciting platonic relationship envisaged. No photo necessary. Just delight her with words. Box 6471.

WINNING SMILE, wandering hands and not without charm. But all wasted without a woman. Box 6571.

DEATH'S DAUGHTER, 37, going on 16, seeks N/S single, Ford Prefect to share her dreams, schemes and crazy ideas. No Tourists. Box 6671.

CARING, PROFESSIONAL divorcee, seeks similar loving, tall gentleman, age 55-65 for lifelong commitment. Photograph appreciated. Box 6771.

HUGGABLE, FUN LOVING lady, for caring, discreet, 40s, professional male. Share humour, adventure and a buzz in our lives! Chatty letter (?photo) please. Midlands or travel. Box 6871.

AUTHOR, PUBLISHED books, 40s, attractive, wants small discreet woman for talk, dining. South Manchester. Box 6971.

LEWES/EAST SUSSEX Playmate required for passable, married, professional man. Box 7071.

HANDSOME, SUCCESSFUL, property developer, 33, seeks astute, mature, sugar lady to help regain pre- (not bitter) divorce status. Mutual development and much fun guaranteed. Box 7171.

SECRET AFFAIR sought by goodlooking, affluent, managing director, prefer tall, well built ladies with a shy nature. Send phone number with best times to contact. Discretion assured. Box 7271.

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL female, 33, loves travel, sport, theatre. Want to share interests? Photo. Box 7371.

FORMER MILLIONAIRE, 6', early thirties, handsome, fit, loyal, seeks affluent lady, 30-50, let's return to glory together. Box 7471.

OUTSTANDING MALE, attractive, intelligent, successful, distinguished, athletic, caring, passionate, fun. Available for discreet fling with outstanding female. Do you meet my standards? Unlikely, but you can try with persuasive letter. Photo and phone pref. Box 7571.

UPTOWN BLONDE, 40, wishes to meet upmarket, affluent, kind gentleman, 40-55, for fun, food and friendship. Photo/tel no to Box 7671.

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL male, late 30s, married but missing excitement in life, wishes to meet sexy lady for discreet affair. London area. Box 7771.

ATTRACTIVE, professional male, 47, fit, recently divorced but retains yacht and house wishes to enjoy life again with intelligent female. Any offers? Jersey. Photo appreciated. Box 7871.

ENTERPRISING SENIOR businessman, late 50s, and opted-out of jet setting. 6' tall, non-smoker, sensual and caring. Life's pleasures would be much more meaningful with an attractive, warm, feminine, cultured younger lady. Is this you? Photo please. Box 7971.

YOUNGISH, TALL, professional, 32, energetic sportsman, self supporting (own cummerbund, but not own car) in need of an attractive photograph and personality to go with it, please. Box 8071.

SHY, BUT OCCASIONALLY extrovert male, 27, seeks London-ish lady to share quality time. Box 8171.

WARM, FUN-LOVING, leggy girl (29) London/Surrey, seeking intelligent, witty, lovely man. Enjoy sports, travel, countryside and good food. Box 8271.

ECCENTRIC HUSSY seeks sexy, romantic male, 45-60 for wicked times together! Sussex based. D.O.B. plus full details ensures reply. Box 8771.

INTERNATIONAL, professional, tall, self-employed; homes in several countries and years of training have created several lifestyles resulting in a flexible, independent, positive, fitness-related philosophy. Interests: Ballet to beach, fast cars to reading/art galleries. Spanish speaker. Desires to meet 5'4"-5'10", slim, fit, refined, kind, flexible, intelligent, loyal, goodlooking, humorous, sensitive brunette lady, 24-40, view friendship, travelling and occasional hostess. If you meet the above and are unpretentious and able to communicate on different social levels "parts of the world could be your oyster". Recent photo and letter appreciated. Box 8371.

NO OIL PAINTING but several degrees and many eccentricities. male, 39, Northants. Box 8471.

CONSIDERATE MALE, (29) seeks young lady with wide interests. Photo appreciated. London. Box 8571.

MILLIONAIRE BUSINESSMAN, 49, 5'10", fun to be with. Good personality, varied sporting interests seeks attractive, slim, private school educated lady, 30-45, non-smoker friendship/long term relationship. Photo/phone guarantees reply. London/SE. Box 8871.

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ATTRACTIVE, STYLISH woman (32, 5ft fins, single, graduate, professional) enjoys theatre, music, good food, good conversation and the company of intelligent, confident men. Seeks long term relationship with graduate/professional man, 32-42, E. Anglia/E. Midlands. Photo appreciated. Box 8671.

ATTRACTIVE BLONDE, female, 42, (Hampshire) seeks single male for fun relationships. Box 8971.

PROFESSIONAL DIVORCED London man, 52, 6'1", lots of attributes, seeks humorous, pretty girl with outgoing personality. 35-50+. Photograph please. Box 9071.

NON-STEREOTYPE PRIEST (extremely P.T. and working in major charity) (51) offers and requires cuddles and tenderness. You're 35-48, dislike institutional church but is committed to openness and likes classical music, food, wine, cuddles. London/S. East. Box 9171.

YOUNG EX-LEGIONNAIRE, caring, sensitive, seeks femme for friendship. Box 9271.

VERY SPECIAL MAN required for lovely single mum. Professional lady, mid 30s, London based. Enjoys arts, countryside. Sense of humour essential. Box 9371.

INTELLIGENT, ATTRACTIVE, sensual, independent woman, 43, enjoys culture, travel and gardening, seeks appreciative male for companionship and perhaps new future. North West but travels well. Photo appreciated. Box 9471.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, 30, free and single, seeks woman (22-32) to smarten his life and laugh at terrible jokes in the South West. Photo. Box 9571.

TEMPORARILY CELIBATE, honest, single, young man, 32, enjoys a laugh in and out of bed, would like to meet a sexy woman for uncomplicated, romantic and passionate rumpy-pumpy. I'm solvent with own house and can assure discretion. Detailed letter and photo guarantees reply. South/Anywhere. Box 9671.

GANGSTER REQUIRES MOLL, fit, 27, holidaying HMP Parkhurst, I.O.W. seeks pretty correspondent, visitor. Write soon or else! Keith Ritchie. Box 9771.

MISS, MRS or Ms sought by happily married Mr (Tall, professional, 40.) in Herts for uncomplicated, discreet love affair. Box 9871.

OFFSHORE WORKER seeks attractive 25-32, witty, sexy lady for discreet, fun. North East. Box 9971.

BEEN THERE, SEEN IT, done it. Affluent, handsome, executive needs exciting, attractive and adventurous lady, 30/40, to complete full, but not fulfilled lifestyle. Photo exchanged. Herts. Box 10071.

PROFESSIONAL, single male, 28, enjoys life but would enjoy it more if he could share it. Seeks female for friendship, love and laughter. Midlands. Box 10171.

MALE AVIATORS: need someone to share your passion for flying? Female, 32, London, eager to fly/learn. Box 10271.

PAPAGENO SEEKS Papagena. Box 10371.

TALL, GOOD LOOKING guy, 27, seeks friendly female. N/S please. Surrey/London. Box 10471.

MALE, 34, seeks attractive, semi-wild brunette to share UK and French homes, horseriding, country pubs, sun, fun and candlelit evening of passion. Oxon/Bucks. Letter and photo. Box 10571.

SOUGHT: SINGLE, plain, professional female (35-50). SEEKER: Athletic, Oxbridge, professional male (23). PURPOSE: Rampant passion. (London. Photo appreciated.) Box 10671.

SINGLE MALE, 37, tall, attractive, intelligent and modest, artistic tastes, middlebrow/alternative seeks female. No Daily Mail readers. Oxford or Surrey/Hants. Box 10871.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, 26, seeks sporty intelligent female for assorted nights out. London/Home Counties. Photo please. Box 10771.

I SHALL RISE to the occasion. Attractive, modest man, 45, seeks part time fun and friendship. Box 10971.

ENGLISH GENTLEMAN aged 45 wishes to meet lady from East Coast USA with view to romance. Box 11071.

VIVACIOUS, PRACTICAL, independent lady, 46, children grown, humour intact, missing supportive, gentle, caring man. Box 11171.

HAPPILY DIVORCED East Midlands lady, young 53, bright, adaptable, affectionate, professionally employed, wide interests. Seeks nice man. Box 11271.

HANDSOME MALE, 28, seeks steady girlfriend, 25-32. Glasgow/Central Scotland. Photo please. Box 11371.

COUNTRY RECLUSE, 44, seeks dependent young wife to provide heir. Box 11471.

WARM, SENSITIVE, caring, attractive female seeks loving male (40+) to share love, laughter, hugs. Photo/phone appreciated. Box 11571.

GEOFF HAMILTON think-alike, 40, separated, own spade. Passable appearance on a good day. Seeks attractive lady with green fingers and warm heart. Letter and photo please. Humberside. Box 11671.

THIS WEEK'S SPECIAL offer. Tall, handsome male, single parent (40) wants/needs female friendship. London/S.E. Box 11771.

INDIAN MALE, forty, successful, intelligent, considerate and discreet seeks woman to enliven dull times. London. Box 6370.

HELP PLEASE! My attractive, tall, blonde, slim, 40-something mother could do with a boyfriend. I'm 17 years old, have many girlfriends and need someone to take her out. Surely there's a tall 40/50 something gent out there who'll come to the rescue. She likes wining, dining, theatre etc and is an elegant and classy lady with a great sense of humour. So, if you live in Avon/Wilts/Somerset/Glos send a photo etc to encourage a speedy reply. Box 7870.

OXBRIDGE ARTS GRADUATE seeks female companion for 2-3 weeks cycling holiday July/August anywhere in Europe. Box 12569.

INTELLIGENT HANDSOME man Londoner 34 5'11" own teeth seeks female company 24-35 photo please. Box 5169.

LONDON MALE (41) passionate, likes travel, cinema and cooking. Seeks dream woman. Photo please. Box 9270.

CULTURED, PERCEPTIVE, worldly, intelligent man, mid-fifties, divorced, successful, seeks friendly erotic London liaison (occasional discreet or constant and open) with gentle, slim, leggy, educated, younger beauty, preferably high-cheekboned, intuitive, artistic. Photo and note essential. Box 9470.

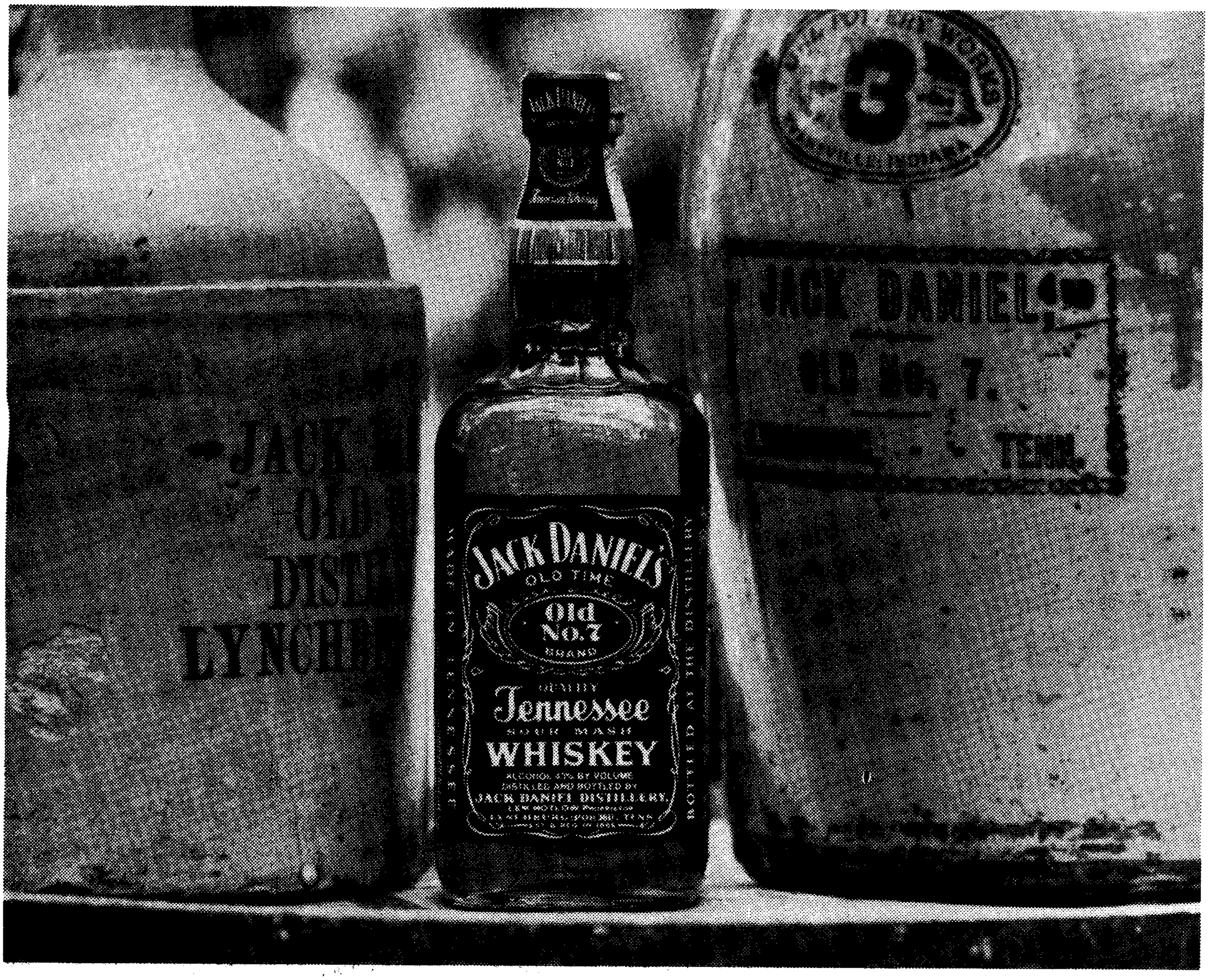
NATURAL BLONDE, humorous, intelligent, 5'9½", 38, female, needs amusing chap. S. Wales. Photo. Box 13671.

BORING OLD (40) fart needs female for hugs and kisses. Islington. Male Guardian reader. Photo appreciated. Box 13771.

SOLVENT, PROFESSIONAL male, 28, seeks intelligent, attractive lady, 20-38, for friendship, long-term romance and fun. Photo/phone no. appreciated. Box 13871.

IF YOU ARE a successful, professional gentleman, 50ish, with own practice (to take me on board), looking for a wife, soul-mate, please write with address. Box 13971.

TALL, DISTINGUISHED, educated gentleman, 40s, tied and denied. Seeks similar gentle, kind, understanding, uninhibited lady for occasional away matches overnight, afternoon walks and Bollinger. Photo please. Countrywide. Box 14071.



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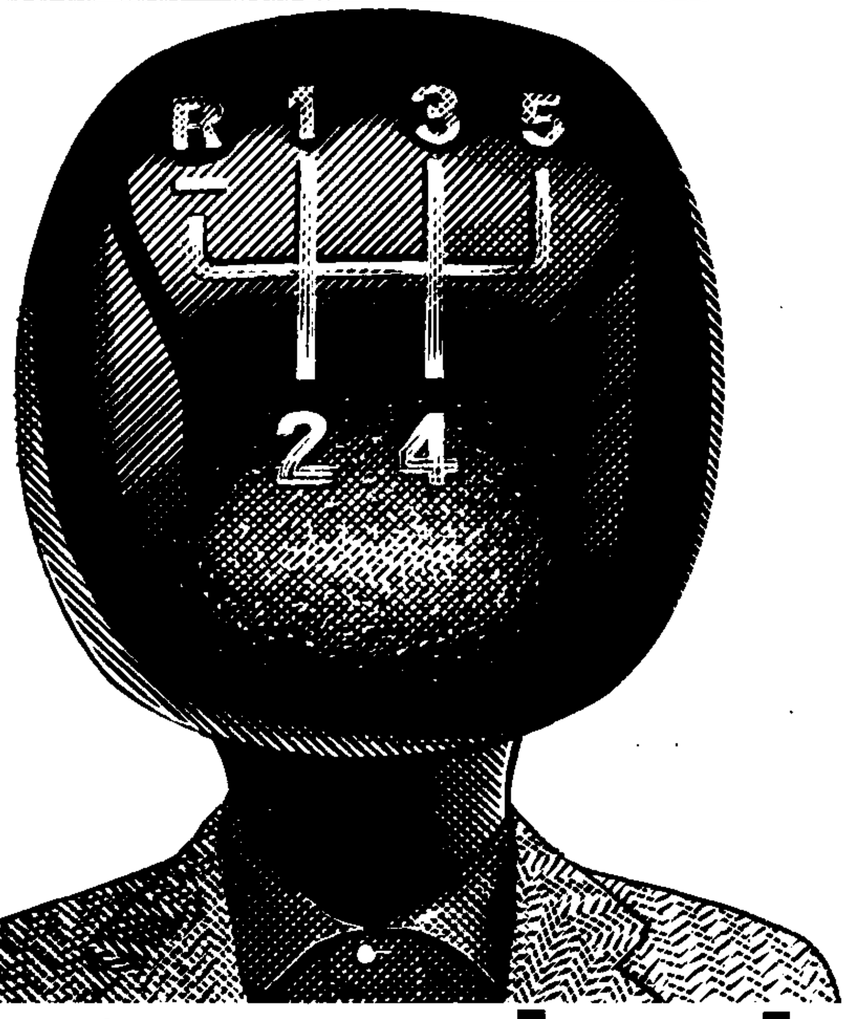

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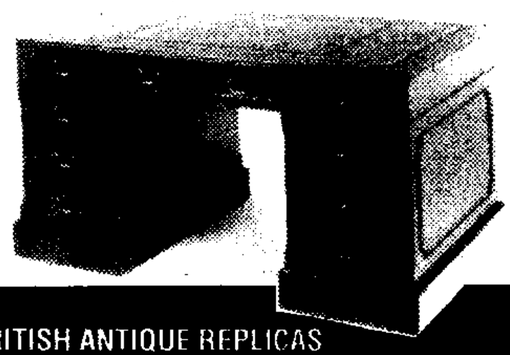

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